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A

POETICAL TRANSLATION

OF THE

ELEGIES

OF

TIBULLUS; ^K

AND OF THE

POEMS of Sulpicia.

WITH

The ORIGINAL TEXT, and NOTES
Critical and Explanatory.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

JAMES GRAINGER, M.D.

Μοῖσας Ἐρως καλῖοι, Μοῖσαι τὸν Ἐρῶτα φέρουσι,
Μελπανταί Μοῖσαι μοι αἰ ποθεινῇ δίδουσι
Ταῖ γλυκεραῖ μολπανταῖ, τὰς φαρμακεῖ αἰδοῖν ὕδιν.

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MDCCCLIX.

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T O

John Bourryau, Esq.

S I R,

WHEN I first thought of prefixing your Name to this Translation of Tibullus, I found myself considerably embarrassed; as I would chuse to avoid the Strain of Adulation, so common in Addresses of this Kind, on the one Hand, without suppressing the just Sense I have of your rising Merit, on the other. I shall not however, I flatter myself, incur the Imputation of the first, by declaring, even in this public Manner, my Satisfaction at the Progress you have made in every Branch of useful and Polite Literature; and this too, at a Time of Life, when young Men of Fashion are generally engrossed by the idle Amusements

A 2

of

of an Age abounding in all the Means of
Dissipation.

If your maturer Years answer, as I am
convinced they will, so favourable a Dawn,
I need not a Moment hesitate, to foretel the
Happiness of your Friends, in an agreeable
Companion, and polite Scholar ; and of
your Country, in a principled and unshaken
Patriot.

It is with particular Pleasure, Sir, that
I dwell, though but in Idea, on this Part
of your future Character. The Time is
not far off, when you will have finished the
Plan of your Education, by a Survey of
foreign Countries : and as it will then, of
Course, be expected from one of your opu-
lent and independent Fortune, you will, I
hope, devote the Fruits of your Industry to
the Service of the Public :

*Hunc precor, hunc utinam nobis Aurora
nitentem*

Luciferum roseis candida portet equis.

TIBULL.

When

When you become a Member of the most august Assembly of the Nation, every Well-wisher to the Community will exult to see you unawed by Power, undazzled by Riches, and unbiaſſed by Faction : an impartial Aſſertor of the juſt Prerogatives of the Crown, and the Liberties of the People : equally a Foe to Corruption, and a Friend to Virtue.

Such, Sir, are the Hopes which all your Friends at preſent conceive of you : and as your Talents, both natural and acquired, ſeem ſtrongly to confirm theſe Hopes, the more inexcusable you will prove, ſhould they hereafter be diſappointed.

In regard to the Tranſlation, with which I here take the Liberty to preſent you ; I will not pretend to ſay, I ſet no Value upon it. My offering it to you is a Proof of the contrary. — Indeed, the chief Merit it has with me, is, that it formerly pleaſed you. It ſerved alſo, to make many of my Hours paſs agreeably, which otherwiſe would have

been extremely irksome, amid the Din of Arms, and Hurry of a Camp-life.

But while you peruse Tibullus as a Poet, let not his Integrity, as a Member of the Commonwealth, be forgotten. In this Light he merits your highest Regard: for though he justly obtained a distinguished Rank among the great Writers of the Augustan Age; yet ought it more especially to be remembered to his Honour, that neither the Frowns of a Court, nor the Distresses of Fortune, could ever induce him to praise those powerful but wicked Men, who had subverted the Liberties of his Country; and this, at a Time, when the Practice of the Poets his Cotemporaries might have countenanced in him, the most extravagant Adulation.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

humble Servant,

JAMES GRAINGER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Version of Tibullus was begun and completed several Years ago, when the Author was in the Army. A military Man, even in the most active Campaign, has many Hours of Leisure; and as these cannot be spent more rationally than in some literary Pursuit, he employed that Part of his Time, which was not devoted to his Profession, in perusing the Classics.

Time and Place influence us more in our Opinions of, and Relish for, particular Writers, than is commonly imagined. Amid the Horrors of War, the Translator could most readily sympathize with, and best account for, his Poet's Aversion to a Military Life: and while exposed to all the Hurry and Tumult of a Camp, could not but taste with a peculiar Relish all Descriptions of the unruffled and tranquil Scenes of the Country: beside these, every Motive conspiring to make him regard the Fair Sex as the chief Ornaments of Society, was it surprising that

Tibullus,

Tibullus, who abounds in Sentiments of this kind, should soon become a Favourite; and that what delighted him, he should at last be tempted to translate?

A pleasing Employment is seldom neglected. Those Elegies which particularly touched him, were first rendered into English; and as these make the greater Part of Tibullus's Poems, he was contented afterwards to complete the Work, by finishing as a Task, what he begun as an Amusement.

A favourite Author, on whom some Labour has been employed, is not easily forgotten; the Version, therefore, was retouched as often as Opportunity served. All this while, indeed, the Translator had no Intention of making the Public acquainted with his poetical Amusements: he knew his Poet too well, and admired him too much, to think he had done him Justice:—yet when Mr. Dart's Translation of Tibullus was sent him, he was resolved to publish his own; that those who did not understand the Original, might not form an Idea of the most exact, elegant and harmonious of the Roman Elegiac Poets from the most inaccurate, harsh, and inelegant Version of the present Century.

The

The Translator hopes, he will be acquitted of Vanity, in preferring his own Performance to Mr. Dart's: indeed that Gentleman often missed the Meaning of his Author, while his Poetry always escaped him. Neither does he appear to have been a competent Judge of his own Language; and from the little Tenderness transfused into his Verses, it may be concluded, that he was an utter Stranger to that Passion, which gave rise to most of the Elegies of Tibullus.

What Advantage the present Translator may have over his Predecessor in these Respects, does not become him to determine: yet he is well apprised, that no Translator, however qualified, can give Tibullus the genuine Air of an Englishman.

It is true, that amorous Elegy is less local than many other of the minor Kinds of Poetry, the Passion of Love operating pretty nearly the same upon the human Mind in all Ages. Yet as the Modes of expressing that Passion differ much in different Countries, so these Modes must not be confounded: a Grecian ought to make Love like a Grecian, and a Roman like a Roman.

Besides this, Tibullus abounds in Images of rural Theology—He has even preserved some superstitious

Usages, which are to be met with in no other Poet : but as these are also characteristical, and must be preserved in the Version, who can hope to give a Translation of Tibullus the easy Air of a modern Original ?

Verbal Translations are always inelegant, because always destitute of Beauty of Idiom and Language ; for by their Fidelity to an Author's Words, they become treacherous to his Reputation : on the other hand, a too wanton Departure from the Letter, often varies the Sense, and always alters the Manner.

The Translator chose the middle Way, and meant neither to tread on the Heels of Tibullus, nor yet to lose Sight of him. He had not the Vanity to think, he could improve on his Poet : and though he has sometimes endeavoured to give a more modern Polish to his Sentiments, he has seldom attempted to change them. To preserve the Sense of his Original was his first Care ; his next was, to clothe it in as elegant and becoming a Dress as possible. Yet he must confess, that he has now and then taken the Liberty to transpose, and sometimes paraphrastically to enlarge the Thoughts. Where a Sentiment was too much contracted by the Closeness of the Latin Idiom, to be unfolded in a correspondent Expression in English ; or
from

from its Peculiarity, might, in a modern Language, seem flat, he has endeavoured to inspirit it by collateral Thoughts from other Poets ; and where its Colours were languid, to heighten them — with what Success, the Reader must determine,

The Hexameter and Pentameter is said, to be peculiarly suited to plaintive Subjects. The English have no Stanza correspondent to that, but the Alternate, which is supposed to possess a Solemnity and kind of melancholy Flow in its Numbers. This Mr. Hammond chose for his Imitation of Tibullus; and it must be confessed, that he has happily succeeded. Yet, as in this Stanza the Sense naturally ends at the fourth Line, the Translator thought he could not in general have adopted it, without Violence to the Original: he therefore preferred the Heroic Measure, which is not better suited to the lofty Sound of the Epic Muse, than to the complaining Tone of Elegy. The Reader, however, will find one or two Elegies rendered in the alternate Stanza, which is by no means so difficult as the Heroic.

As Tibullus wrote Love Poems like a Roman, any Translation of them without Notes, would have been extremely obscure to an English Reader: most of his Commentators are mere Philologists, or at best they

have only displayed their Erudition in the History of a Heathen God, or the Topography of a River. From this Censure, however, Broekhusius, his Dutch Editor, and Vulpius, his Italian Commentator, may in part be exempted; they have indeed sometimes entered into the Propriety of our Poet's Thoughts. Yet even their chief Excellence consists in arranging the Text; in selecting, the most approved Readings; and in giving those Passages, which they suppose Tibullus either borrowed from his Predecessors, or the Moderns copied from him. The Design of the Translator is very different; he has commented on his Author as a Roman Poet, and as a Roman Lover: and although he owns himself enamoured of his Beauties, (as who can draw a pleasing Resemblance of a Face which disgusts him?) he hopes he has not been blind to his Imperfections. These indeed, he has touched upon with the Tendernefs of a Friend, not the Acrimony of a Critic.

Yet as most of the Commentators were consulted, the Translator has taken from each of them, such Notes, as he imagined would be most serviceable to an English Reader, always ascribing them however to the Author who furnished them. Thus, beside Broekhusius and Vulpius, the name of Mr. Dart will
some.

sometimes be found at the Bottom of an Observation: Nor must it be forgotten, that the Translator has been obliged to that Gentleman for ten or twelve Lines in his Version.

It has been judged necessary to print the Latin Text along with the Version: this the Translator would willingly have declined, as his Work can hope to find Favour with those only, who understand not the Original. Yet, when he considered, that the English Press had afforded no one accurate Edition of Tibullus; and that even the best of those printed abroad were not exempted from material Errors; he surmounted his Scruples, and has endeavoured to give a less exceptionable Text of his Poet, than any hitherto published.

Before he concludes, the Translator must return his sincere thanks to a worthy Friend, for his elegant Version of the First Elegy, and of Ovid's Poem on the Death of Tibullus. By what Accident his own Translation of the first Elegy was lost, is of no consequence; especially too, as the Reader, from a Perusal of Mr. P***'s Specimen, will probably be induced to wish, that more of those now published, had undergone a like Fate, provided the same Gentleman had likewise translated them.

Nor

Nor is that, the only good Office which challenges his Gratitude : the Translator is particularly obliged to his Friend, for having procured him the valuable Acquaintance of another learned Gentleman ; who not only took the trouble to compare his Version of the three last Books with the Original ; but who also favoured him with some Notes, which constitute the chief Ornament of the second Volume. Thus, like the Britons of old, the Translator has called in Auxiliaries to conquer him.

T H E
L I F E
O F
T I B U L L U S.

WE are not only unacquainted with the Prænomens of Tibullus, but with the Year of his Birth. The Biographers, from a Line* in the fifth Elegy of his third Book, indeed inform us, that Ovid and he were born the day that Hirtius and Pansa were killed, viz. on the tenth of the Calends of April, A. U. C. 710. This was the Opinion of the Learned for many Centuries; nor was it controverted, till Joseph Scaliger first entertained some Doubts of it; and Janus Douza the younger, about a hundred and seventy Years ago, was induced, by comparing

* *Natalem nostri primum videre parentes
Quum cecidit fato consul uterque pari.*

what

what our Poet had said of himself, with what Horace and Ovid have wrote concerning him, to reject that Line as spurious, and to assert that Tibullus must have been born almost twenty Years sooner. Although we think some considerable Objections may be raised against Douza's Opinion *, yet as the old Account is liable to still greater, we shall venture with that Critic, to inform the Reader, that Albius Tibullus, the Prince of Elegiac Poets, was born at Rome, A. U. C. 690, six Years after the Birth of Virgil, and one after that of Horace.

Tibullus might say with his great Admirer, Ovid,

*usque a proavis vetus ordinis hæres,
Non modo militia turbine factus eques †.*

being descended from an Equestrian Branch of the Alban Family :— and though some of the old Biographers || assert, that his Ancestors made a Figure in the Forum and in the Field, yet as History makes no mention of them, Posterity would have been unacquainted with this Branch of that illustrious House, had it not been for our Poet.

* See the Arguments on both Sides of the Question in the Notes to the fifth Elegy of the third Book,

† Amor. lib. iii. el. 14.

|| Crinitus, &c,

As

As the ancient Writers of Tibullus's Life have favoured us with no Particulars of his Infancy, it is probable it was distinguished by nothing remarkable. The human Mind does not always blossom at the same Period; and it by no means follows that his Childhood must have flourished, whose mature Age has produced fair Fruits of Science. Perhaps too, Details of early Excellence are less useful than is commonly imagined, as they often dispirit those who would otherwise in due Time have expanded into an extensive Reputation.

But if such Accounts are less useful, it would have been no unprofitable Gratification of Curiosity to have known by what Plan his Studies were conducted, and who were his Preceptors. Antiquity, however, having left us in the Dark with regard to these Matters, we can only suppose that as his Father's Condition was considerable, so nothing was omitted to render our Poet an useful and elegant Member of Society.

The Romans possessed a real Advantage over the Moderns in Point of Education; for as the same Citizen might plead Causes, command Armies, and arrive at the first Dignities of the Priesthood; so their literary Institutions were made to comprehend these several
Objects.

Objects. It is easy to see of what vast Utility so general a Plan must have been to a State; and perhaps it is not paying Letters too high a Compliment, to say, that the Successes of the Romans were in a great measure owing to this Advantage.

In the Year of Rome 705, the civil War broke out between Cæsar and Pompey. The Army and corrupt part of the Legislature followed Cæsar; while the Majority of the Senate and of the Knights, with all those who dreaded a perpetual Dictator, sided with Pompey, as the Person from whom the Republic had less Danger to apprehend. Of this Number was the Father of Tibullus; and there is Reason to suspect, that he either fell in the Field, or was butchered by Proscription, for we know that a considerable Part of his Estate was left a Prey to the rapacious Soldiery*. These Events probably determined our Author's public Attachments; but without these Motives to Revenge, it is not unlikely that Tibullus had, before this Time, adopted the political Opinions of his Father†.

At what Actions in the civil War our young Knight was present, as it was not prudent in him to mention

* Vide Panegy. ad Messalam, lin. 191. Jan. Douz. Sched. Succid.

† See Francis's Notes on the thirty-third Ode of the first Book of Horace.

in his Poems, so Historians do not inform us : but as Principle and Revenge equally conspired to rouse his Courage (and Courage he certainly possessed †) may we not safely infer, that Tibullus did not run away, like his Friend Horace, from Philippi ||, at which Battle he was present with his Patron the illustrious Messala Corvinus ?

But the Fortune of Octavius prevailing over the better Cause of Brutus and Cassius, Messala too (who was next in Command to these Patriot Citizens) going over with his Forces to the Conqueror, Tibullus, although he paid the greatest regard to the Sentiments of that excellent Soldier and Orator, yet determined to leave the Army ; for as he would not fight against the Party which his Friends had now espoused, so neither could he appear in Arms against those whom his Principles taught him to regard as the Assertors of Liberty. Besides, the bad Success of the Patriot-party and his own Experience, had now inspired him with an Abhorrence of the War ; he therefore retired A. U. C. 712, to his Country-seat at Pedum, there, by an honest Industry, to raise his impaired Fortune to its ancient Splendor, while his Hours of Leisure were either devoted to Philosophy or the Muses *.

† Tibull. Lib. i. El. 8.

|| Vell. Patercul. lib. ii. cap. 71.

* Panegy. Tibull. ad Messalam, lin. 184.

But

But we are not to imagine that rural Objects and Study solely engaged our Poet's Attention ; for being formed with a natural Tenderness of Disposition, he began to enlarge the Sphere of his Pleasures by conversing with the Fair Sex. The first Object of his Affection was probably Glycera ; and we have Horace * on our Side, when we add, that she at first gave him Hopes of Success : but though his Person was elegant †, his Fortune not contemptible, and his Life was then in the Prime, Glycera deserted him for a younger Lover ‡. As he entertained a real Affection for that Lady, her Infidelity gave him much Uneasiness, he therefore endeavoured, by exerting his Elegiac Genius, to reclaim her. But his Poems producing in Glycera no Change to his Advantage, his Friend and old Fellow-soldier Horace advised him to abate of his Sorrow for her Loss, and send her no more Elegies.

* Lib. i. Ode 33.

† Horat. lib. i. ep. 4.

‡ Horat. lib. i. ode 33.

Albi ne doceas plus nimio, &c,

No more in Elegiac Strain
Of cruel Glycera complain.

None

None of these Elegies having come down to our Times, Lilio Gyraldi || supposes that Nemesis and Glycera were the same—but the Poems which are inscribed to Nemesis * do not favour this Supposition: and indeed, it seems more likely, that Tibullus was so piqued at the ill Success of his first Amour, that he destroyed all those Elegies which it gave rise to.

Some Time after this, (A. U. C. 718.) the fierce Inhabitants of Pannonia rebelling, and Messala being one of the Generals appointed by Augustus to reduce them, that Nobleman invited Tibullus to attend him in the Expedition. As this Service was not against the Pompeian Party †, and as he hoped in the Hurry of a Military Life to find a Remedy for his Melancholy, he complied with his noble Friend's Request, and in every Action behaved with his usual Bravery. In Proof of this the Commentators quote our Poet's Description of the old Soldier of Arupinum.

Testis Arupinas, & pauper natus in armis.

Quem si quis videat, vetus ut non fregerit ætas,

Terna minus Pyliæ miretur sæcula famæ,

|| Dialog. de Poet.

* Lib. ii.

† An Amnesty was granted by the Triumvirate to all Pompey's Party, A. U. C. 715.

Namque

*Namque senex longæ peragit dum sæcula vitæ,
Centum secundos Titan renovaverit annos :
Ipse tamen velox celerem super edere corpus
Audet equum, validisque sedet moderator habenis *.*

Besides these Verses, some others may be brought from the Panegyric, and in particular the three following, to strengthen their Assertion :

*Nam bellis experta cano, testis mihi victæ
Fortis Japidæ miles, testis quoque fallax
Pannonius, gelidas passim disiectus in Alpes †.*

In this Manner did our Poet subdue his Passion for Glycera: but being by Nature addicted to the Love of the Fair-sex, at his Return from the Army, he fixed his Affections on Delia.

Cyllenius, in his Commentary on Tibullus †, conjectures that she obtained the Name of Delia from the Greek Word *δελία*, on Account of her surpassing in Beauty the Roman Ladies. But we have the more respectable Authority of Apuleius ||, for asserting that
Delia

* Panegy. ad Messalam, lin. 110.

† Ibid. lin. 107.

‡ This Commentary was published at Venice, A. D. 1487

|| *In apologia accusent — Tibullum, quod ei sit Plania in animo, Delia in versu.* Casaubon and Colvius think, it should be

Delia was an Appellation given her by our Poet, her real Name being Plania.

Some Critics * contend, that Delia was a Woman of the Town :—but many Passages in the Elegies addressed to her †, contradict this Assertion. Which of these Poems were first written, cannot now be determined ; but it is certain, they were not composed in the Order, they are now printed.

It would seem, that some Time after his Attachment to Delia, Messala invited our Poet to accompany him in some military Expedition : but he was then too deeply enamoured of Delia, to attend the Call of Honour. Tibullus therefore composed his first Elegy, in which, as he prefers a Country Retirement with Delia and a moderate Income, to all the Triumphs of War and Allurements of Fortune, so Corvinus could not well urge, with Propriety, our Poet's Departure.

Messala having soon after obtained the Consulship, Tibullus composed his Panegyric. This Poem is in heroic Numbers, and though not destitute of poeti-

be read either *Flavia* or *Planca*. In one of Fulvius Ursinus's MS. Copies of the Apology, it was written *Plantia*. *Plania*, however, says Broekhusius, is found in Roman Inscriptions, and therefore the Name need not be altered.

* *Erat libertinae conditionis muliercula*, Broekh.

† Vide lib. i. passim,

cal Beauties, is inferior to his Elegies : it seems rather an Effusion of Friendship, than an Effort of Genius : it has therefore not been translated.

In the Year of Rome 725*, Messala being intrusted by Augustus Cæsar with an extraordinary Command over Syria, insisted on Tibullus's accompanying him thither, to which our Poet consented. This Sacrifice to Friendship was not however obtained without much reluctance ; for Delia, it would seem, opposed his Departure. But as Messala, in this Expedition, was to visit Greece, Asia, &c. and as Tibullus, in his Panegyric, had said,

Pro te vel rapidas ausim maris ire per undas,

Adversis hyberna licet tumeant freta ventis.

Pro te vel solus densis subsistere turmis :

Vel pavidum Ætneæ corpus committere flammæ

Sum quodcunque tuum est †, &c.

he embarked with his Patron. He, however, had not been long at Sea, before he was taken so ill, that Messala was obliged to put him ashore, and leave him in Phæacia ‡. In this Island, so famous for the Gardens of Alcinous, our Poet composed the third Elegy of the

* Norris Cenotaph. Pisan. Diff. ii. cap. 16. § 7.

† Panegy. ad Messalam, lin. 193.

‡ Now Corfu.

first Book; which shews, that whatever Effect this Sickness had upon his Constitution, it did not in the least impair his poetical Talents.

From the Sentiments of Tendernefs expressed in that beautiful Poem, it would not have been surprising, had Tibullus on his Recovery returned to Italy: but he had too sincere a Regard for his Friend, to desert him; he therefore, as soon as he was able to renew his Voyage, hastened after Messala, and with that Nobleman * travelled through Cilicia, Syria, Egypt, and Greece, being then probably initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries at Athens †.

What were the political Consequences of this Expedition, Historians do not mention: but the Consequences to Tibullus were highly disagreeable; for if any Stress, in this Point, is to be laid on his Elegies, there is Reason to suspect, that Delia married before his Return.

This, doubtless, occasioned much Uneasiness to, and rendered our Poet, the less unwilling to embrace another Offer made him, soon after, by Messala,

* Lib. i. El. 8. Also Broekhusius's Notes on the third Elegy of the first Book.

† *Non ego tentavi nulli temeranda virosum*

Audax laudanda sacra docere Deæ. Lib. iii. El. 5.

of going to Aquitaine; which Province having revolted (A. U. C. 726.) Augustus had intrusted that excellent Officer with the important Business of its Reduction *.

The Romans, says an elegant Writer, fought with other Nations for Glory, but with the Gauls for Liberty. This Observation was at least verified at this Time; for it was not till after many sharp Actions, in which both the General and his Soldiers distinguished themselves, that Messala completed the Service he was sent upon. In all these Battles, our Poet signalized his Courage in so remarkable a Manner, that the Success of the Expedition was, in no small Degree, owing to him.

*Non sine me est tibi partus honos : Tarbella Pyrene
Testis, & oceani littora Santonici :*

*Testis Arar, Rhodanusque celer, magnusque Garumna,
Carnuti & Flavi cœrula lympha Liger †.*

For which Reason, he had military Honour conferred on him; *militaribus donis ornatus est*, as the old Writer of his Life informs us †.

* Steph. Vinand. Pighii Annal. & Norris Cenotaph. Pisan. Diff. ii. cap. 16. § 7.

† Lib. i. El. 8.

‡ In the Life prefixed to that Edition of Tibullus which was published at Venice, A. D. 1475.

The Reduction of Aquitaine was so acceptable to the Emperor, that Messala had a Triumph decreed him the Year after * : and as our Poet had born so distinguished a Share in the War, it is not to be supposed, but he was present at that superb Solemnity ; which, as an ancient Inscription † acquaints us, was celebrated on the seventh of the Calends of October.

But his Gallic Expedition not having banished Delia from his Breast, he again paid his Addresses to her : and, from some Passages in the second and seventh Elegies of the first Book, it would seem, that they were but too successful.

When a Woman has once so far forgot herself, as to bestow improper Favours on a Lover, nothing is more natural than for that Lover to suspect he is not the only Favourite. Our Poet is an Instance of the Truth of this Observation ; for to such a Height did his ungenerous Suspicions of Delia arise (notwithstanding all her Protestations of Innocence) that he made her Husband acquainted with his Intrigue ‡. Whether Delia was innocent or not, she could never

* Cenotaph. Pisan. Diss. ii. cap. 16. § 7.

† Pighii Annales.

‡ Lib. i. El. 7.

forgive this Discovery. Or had she been willing to forget the past, we cannot suppose that her Husband would ever admit Tibullus again into his House.

Such then was the extraordinary Conclusion of our Poet's Intimacy with Delia ; and therefore, the Poem which furnished these Particulars, is justly made the last of the Poems inscribed to that Beauty.

Although the Elegies of Tibullus warrant, in some sort, these Surmises ; yet, it ought to be considered, that Poets write from Imagination, more frequently than from Reality, because ideal Subjects afford greater Scope to their Faculties, than Occurrences in common Life : — and indeed, if what Ovid tells us, may be depended on, Delia was again enamoured with our Poet, at the Time of his Decease, when probably her Husband was dead.

Some Time elapsed, before Tibullus entered into any new Engagements : in this Interval, he composed his famous Elegy on Messala's Birth-day, the ninth and the following Elegies of the first Book, with the first and second of the second Book ; endeavouring to forget his Disasters, by dividing his Time between his Country-seat and Rome, but chiefly by conversing, more than ever, with the Learned and Polite : of these the most eminent among his Acquaintance were Messala, Valgius, Macer, and Horace.

Messala was now in the Height of his Reputation : in Eloquence, and Military Knowledge he was excelled by none of his Cotemporaries ; and yet the Goodness of his Heart surpassed his Abilities. His House was the Rendezvous of the Learned ; and his Patronage, as an admirable Poet * expresses it, was

The surest Passport to the Gates of Fame.

Happy in the Approbation of all Parties, his siding with Augustus, after the Defeat at Philippi, did not lose him the Esteem of his old Friends ; and his interesting himself in their Behalf, to the Honour of that Emperor, made him not the less beloved by Augustus .†

J. Valgius Rufus was eminent, not only for heroic Poetry, but also for his Elegies, especially those, on the Death of his Son Mystes †. He also wrote some excellent

* Dr. Young.

† Messala had a Brother, who was also a polite Scholar, as Horace informs us. According to St. Jerome, this illustrious Roman married Terentia, Cicero's Widow, and by her had two Sons, Marcus and Lucius, who both attaining to the Consulship, and were an Ornament to their Families, by their military and civil Capacities. Messala himself was so old before he died, as to forget his own Name. Pliny the Elder tells us, that he would not permit a Person of his Family to have his Statue placed among those of his Ancestors, because he was a Disgrace to them.

† We learn this Circumstance from Horace, who wrote Valgius a beautiful consolatory Ode on the Occasion.

excellent Epigrams. But all his Poems are now lost. As Tibullus thought him the best Poet next to Homer, Posterity has suffered much in their Loss †.

Of Macer, all that is known, is mentioned in the Notes to the sixth Elegy of the second Book.

But although Tibullus himself informs us of his acquaintance with these eminent Scholars; yet should we not have known of the Friendship, which Horace and he entertained for one another, had it not been for Horace, who probably about this Time sent our Poet an Epistle, which is thus translated by Mr. Francis.

Albius! in whom my Satires find
A candid Critic and a kind,
Do you, while at your Country-feat,
Some rhiming Labours meditate,
That shall in volum'd Bulk arise,
And e'en from Cassius bear the Prize;
Or, fauntering thro' the silent Wood,
Think what befits the Wife and Good.

*Non semper imbres nubibus bispides
Manant in agros, &c.*

Lib. ii. Ode 9.

† The Critics have been able, from all Antiquity, to glean only seven Lines of Rufus's Poetry, which the Reader, if curious of such literary Scraps, will find collected by Broekhusius, in his Notes on Tibullus's Panegyric to Messala.

Thou

Thou art not form'd of lifeless Mould,
With Breast inanimate and cold ;
To thee the Gods a Form complete,
To thee the Gods a large Estate,
In Bounty give, with Skill to know
How to enjoy what they bestow.

Can a fond Nurse one Blessing more
Ev'n for her favourite Boy implore,
With Sense and clear Expression blest,
Of Friendship, Honour, Wealth, possess ;
A Table elegantly plain,
And a poetic easy Vein ?

By Hope inspir'd, deprest by Fear,
By Passion warm'd, perplex'd with Care ;
Believe that every Morning's Ray
Hath lighted up thy latest Day ;
Then, if To-morrow's sun be thine,
With double Lustre shall it shine.

Sach are the Maxims I embrace,
And here, in sleek and joyous Case,
You'll find for Laughter fitly bred,
An Hog by Epicurus fed *.

FRANCIS.

* Lib. i. Ep. 4.

Monf. Dacier † observes, that this Epistle is all ironical ; for Tibullus, according to him, having exhausted his Fortune by Extravagance, had now retired to the Country, to recruit his Finances, and avoid the Importunity of his Creditors.

To find out these Things from the Epistle before quoted, required a strange Obliquity of Understanding ; as to support them, demanded some Learning :— however, it must be confessed, that the French Editor of Horace, is not the first Author who maintained this extraordinary Opinion. An old Grammarian *, whose Comment on Horace, Caspar Barthius owns he perused, but to whom Dacier was willing to sink his Obligations though he also must have seen him, has out-done the French Critic in what he writes of Tibullus. *Fuit hic Allius* (says this uncommon Genius) *eques Romanus, qui primus in amatorio carmine habetur : eum per ironiam irridet Horatius, quasi rem bene gesserit, cum in juventa omnia prodegerit, et postea versibus victum quæsserit. Ergo ubi eum laudat, se innuit Horatius ; ubi vituperat se, & Epicurum nominat, Albium intelligit, quem ridendum ait quod prodegerit omnia, jam nihil habens, quo, ut so-*

† Voyez ses Notes sur l'Horace, lib. i. ep. 4.

* Casp. Barth. Adversar. lib. xxxvii. cap. 19.

lebat,

lebat, eutem curare posset: quod vero ait

Di tibi divitias dederint, &c.

manifesta ironia est, nam Epicuri non credentes deos habere curam rerum humanarum, omnia prodigunt; quod postquam factum est omnibus sunt ridiculi.

Whence this *semi-priscus Grammaticus* (for so Broekhusius calls him) drew these Particulars relating to our Poet, is not known: but that Dacier should adopt them, is Matter of Wonder; as, in all Probability, the Frenchman had read Tibullus's Panegyric *, which plainly shews that the Diminution of his Fortune was not owing to his own Intemperance. And if the Grammarian had perused his Elegies † with ever so little Attention, he would have seen, that Tibullus was rather religious than otherwise, and by no means an Epicurean, at least in Belief.

But, say some Critics, who have too thoughtlessly embraced this Opinion, does not Horace confirm it,

quamvis
Fortuna, ut mos est illi, me adversa fatiget.

And some Lines lower,

nam cura novatur,
Quum memor antea scios semper dolor admovet annos.
Sed licet asperiora cadant, spoliisque relictis.

Lin. 190.

† Book i. El. 1, 3, 8, 11.

a 5

where

where he tells us, that his Father warned him, when a young Man, from pursuing extravagant Courses, by setting before his Eyes the Infamy and miserable Life of Albius,

Nonne vides Albi ut male vivat filius ?

To make this Objection decisive, the Critics must first prove, that there were no other Albiusses in Rome than the Father of Tibullus ; which, by the way, is false : and then they must shew, that this infamous and indigent Son of Albius's was our Poet ; which cannot be done, especially as we know, that he died a Knight, and of Course, was worth upwards of three thousand Pounds Sterling.—There are also innumerable Passages in his Elegies *, which prove, that he was by no means in distressed Circumstances, though less wealthy than his Ancestors. Again, is it to be imagined, that the rich and generous Messala would have suffered so fine a Genius, and one whom he regarded so much, to have been distressed by his Creditors ? And, to crown all, as Tibullus was confessedly some Years younger than Horace, with what Propriety could Horace's Father propose Tibullus as an Example not to be followed by his Son ?

* See the Notes on the first Elegy of the first Book, and on the first and third Elegy of the second.

When such were the Friends of Tibullus, and his poetical Abilities had long since obtained him universal Applause, he could have found no Difficulty in getting Admission to the learned Court of Augustus:—how then, ask the Commentators, has it come to pass, that he never once mentions either that Emperor, or Mæcenas, both whom his brother Poets celebrated with such a Lavishness of Praise? And yet, add they, there are many Parts of his Writings, where those Patrons of Genius might have been introduced with uncommon Propriety?

True to the Principles of the Republic, and a real Friend to the Liberties of the People, Tibullus never could prevail upon himself to flatter those, whatever Affection they expressed for the Muses, whom his Principles taught him to detest as the Enslavers of his Country.

This, as Pope emphatically expresses it, “kept him sacred from the Great,” who doubtless perceived with secret Displeasure (for Augustus and Mæcenas well knew the Importance of having the Poets on their Side) that no Loss of Fortune, and no Allurement of Ambition could induce Tibullus to join in the general Chorus of their Praise. Although, both the Emperor and his Favourite must in their

Hearts have applauded our Poet's Integrity; yet that mental Applause, in all Probability, would not have secured Tibullus from the Effects of their Displeasure, had it not been for the Interest which he had with Messala.

Besides Messala, Valgius, and Macer; Tibullus mentions Cornutus, Marathus, Titius, and Messalinus:—the Conjectures of the Critics concerning these Romans are inserted in the Notes to the Elegies, where their Names occur.

Soon after this, Tibullus fell in Love with Neæra. It is true, that the Elegies he wrote to Neæra, in every Edition of our Poet, follow those, in which he celebrates Nemesis:—yet as Ovid (who could not well be mistaken in what related to one whom he regarded so much as Tibullus) says, that Nemesis was his last Mistress; and, as it is probable, that the fifth Elegy of the second Book (our Poet being then certainly very fond of Nemesis) was written between the Years 732 and 734, when Augustus wintered in Samos, that is, a short time before our Poet's Death, we suppose, although the learned Gentleman who favoured the Author with the Notes marked B, is of a different Opinion, that Neæra was the third Object of his Affections.

Fabricius

Fabricius conjectures, from her Name, that she was a Woman of the Town, *Neæra*, in the Declension of the Roman Empire, being a synonymous Term for a Courtezan* : but Fabricius should have considered that Tibullus wrote in the Augustan Age. Besides, it appears from Homer †, from Valerius Flaccus ‡, and from an old Marble Statue preserved by Pignori ||, that Women of the first Rank and most unsuspected Modesty, were called by that Name. Without, however, these Authorities, Tibullus himself screens this Favourite from the Imputation of Libertinism, by bestowing on her the Epithet *casta* § : He also characterizes her Parents, as People of Virtue and Fortune.

It appears from the second and third Elegy of the third Book, that *Neæra*, after a long Courtship, having consented to marry Tibullus, was somehow or other forced away from him. This gave our Poet an uncommon Concern, which was redoubled, when he discovered, that she herself had not only been accessory to her being carried off, but meant also to marry his Rival.

* Thus Ifo, the old Glossarist of Prudentius, interprets *Neæra* by *pellex* and *concubina*.

† *Odyf. lib. xii. ver. 133.*

‡ *Argonaut. lib. ii. ver. 141.*

|| *Epist. Symbolic, vid. Reines, Ep. 28.*

§ *Lib. iii. El. 4.*

Mr.

Mr. Dart, in his Life of Tibullus †, is of Opinion, that Neæra was the same with Glycera :—but why then does our Poet not call her by that Name ? Besides, if any one will attentively peruse Horace's consolatory Ode to our Author on the Infidelity of Glycera, and compare it with many Passages in the third Book of Tibullus, he will easily see, that Mr. Dart must be mistaken.

Tibullus, who had hitherto been unsuccessful in his Addresses to the Fair, was not more fortunate in his last Mistress ; for, if Nemesis (for so was she called) possessed Beauties of Mind and Person equal to those of Delia, and Neæra, her extreme Avarice obscured them all : and though Martial * founds Tibullus's chief Claim to poetical Reputation, on the Elegies he addressed to that Lady,

Fama est arguti Nemesis formosa Tibulli,

we have our Poet's Authority for asserting, that they produced no Effect upon her.

Whether Nemesis ever abated of her Rigour to Tibullus, his Elegies do not inform us :—it is indeed probable she did, especially since Ovid represents her, as

† P. 20.

* Lib. viii, Ep. 73.

sincerely grieved at Tibullus's Death, which, according to Marfus, a cotemporary Poet, happened soon after that of Virgil :

Te quoque, Virgilio comitem, non æqua, Tibulle,

Mors juvenem campos misit ad Elyfios :

Ne foret, aut legis molles qui fletet amores ;

Aut caneret forti regia bella pede.

Thee! young Tibullus, to th' Elyfian Plain

Death bid accompany great Maro's Shade ;

Determin'd that no Poet should remain

Or to sing Wars, or weep the cruel Maid.

For Tibullus died either A. U. C. 735, the Year of Virgil's Death, or the Year after, in the forty-fourth or forty-fifth Year of his Age.

Nor was Marfus the only Poet who celebrated this melancholy Event: Ovid †, who had no less Friendship than Admiration for Tibullus, has immortalized both himself, and his Friend, in the following beautiful Elegy, which containing some further Particulars relating to our Poet, will make a proper Conclusion to this Life, which, from the Scantiness, as well as the little Authority of many of the Materials, the Author is sorry, he cannot render more complete.

† Lib. iii. El. 8.

If Thetis, if the blushing Queen of Morn †,
 If mighty Goddesses could taste of Woe
 For mortal Sons; come, Elegy forlorn!
 Come, weeping Dame! and bid thy Tresses flow:

Thou bear'st, soft Mistress of the tearful Eye
 From Grief thy Name, now Name alas too just!
 For see thy favourite Bard, thy Glory lie,
 Stretch'd on yon funeral Pile, ah! lifeless Dust!

See Venus' Son, his Torch extinguish'd brings,
 His Quiver all revers'd, and broke his Bow;
 See pensive how he droops with flagging Wings,
 And strikes his bared Bosom many a Blow:

Loose and neglected, scatter'd o'er his Neck,
 His golden Locks drink many a falling Tear:
 What piteous Sobs, as if his Heart would break,
 Shake his swoln Cheek? Ah Sorrow too severe!

Thus,

Memnōna si mater, mater ploravit Achillem,
 Et tangunt magnas tristia fata deos;
 Flebilis indignos, Elegia, solve capillos,
 Ah nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit!
 Ille tui vates operis, tua fama, Tibullus
 Ardet in extructo corpus inane rogo.
 Ecce, puer Veneris fert eversumque pharetram,
 Et fractos arcus, & sine luce facem.
 Adspice, demissis ut eat miserabilis alis;
 Pectoraque infestâ tundat aperta manu.
 Excipiunt sparfi lacrymas per colla capilli,
 Oraque singultu concutiente sonant.

† Aurora,

Fratris

Thus, fair Iulus! for thy godlike Sire *,
 'Tis said, he weeping from thy Roof withdrew:
 Nor deeper mourn'd the Queen of soft Desire †,
 When the grim Boar her lov'd Adonis slew.

And yet we Bards are fondly call'd divine,
 Are sacred held, the Gods' peculiar Care :
 There are, that deem us of th'ethereal Line,
 That something of the Deity we share.

But what can Death's abhorred Stroke withstand ?
 Say what so sacred he will not profane ?
 On all the Monster lays his dusky Hand,
 And Poets are immortal deem'd in vain.

Thee, Orpheus, what avail'd thy heavenly Sire ?
 Thy Mother-muse, and beaft-inchanting Song ?
 The God for Linaus swept his mournful Lyre,
 And w.th a Father's Woes the Forests rung.

Great

Fratri in Æneæ sic illum funere dicunt
 Egressum tectis, pulcher Jule, tuis.
 Nec minus est confusa Venus moriente Tibullo, 15
 Quam juveni rupit cum ferus inguen aper.
 At sacri vates, & divum cura vocatur :
 Sunt etiam, qui nos numen habere putent.
 Scilicet omne sacrum mors inportuna profanat :
 Omnibus obscuras injicit illa manus. 20
 Quid pater Ismario, quid mater profuit, Orphæo ?
 Carmine quid victas obstupuisse feras ?
 Ælinon in sylvis idem pater, Ælinon, altis
 Dicitur invitâ concinuisse Lyrâ.

* Æneas.

† Venus.

Adspice

Great Homer see, from whose eternal Spring
 Pierian Draughts the Poet-train derive,
 Not he could 'scape the fell remorseless King *,
 His Lays alone the greedy Flames survive.

Still live, the Work of Ages, Ilion's Fame,
 And the slow Web by nightly Craft unwove:
 So Nemesis' shall live, and Delia's Name;
 This his first Passion, that his recent Love.

Now what avails, ye Fair! each holy Rite,
 Each painful Service for your Lover paid?
 Recluse and lonely that you pass'd the Night?
 Or fought th' Egyptian Cymbal's fruitless Aid?

When partial Fate thus tears the Good away,
 (Forgive, ye Just! th'involuntary Thought)
 I'm led to doubt of Jove's eternal Sway,
 And fear that Gods and Heaven are Words of
 Nought. Live

Adspice Mœonidem, à quo, ceu fonte perenni, 25
 Vatum Piëriis ora rigantur aquis;
 Hunc quoque summa dies nigro submerfit Averno;
 Effugiunt avidos carmina sola rogos.
 Durat opus vatum Trojani fama laboris,
 Tardaue nocturno tela retexta dolo. 30
 Sic Nemesis longum, sic Delia nomen habebit,
 Altera cura recens, altera primus amor.
 Quid nunc sacra juvant? quid nunc Ægyptia profunt
 Sistra? quid in vacuo secubuisse toro?
 Cum rapiant mala fata bonos, (ignoscite fasso) 35
 Sollicitor nullos esse putare Deos.

* Pluto.

Vive

Live pious, you must die : Religion prize,
 Death to the Tomb will drag you from the
 Fane :

Confide in Verse ; lo ! where Tibullus lies !
 His All a little Urn will now contain !

Thee, sacred Bard ! could then funereal Fires
 Snatch from us ? on thy Bosom durst they feed ?
 Not Fanes were safe, not Jove's refulgent Spires *,
 From Flames that ventur'd on this impious Deed.

The beauteous Queen that reigns in Eryx' Towers,
 From the sad Sight averts her mournful Face ;
 There are, that tell of soft and pearly Showers
 Which down her lovely Cheeks their Courses
 trace.

Yet

Vive pius ; moriere pius : cole sacra ; colentem
 Mors gravis à templis in cava busta trahet.
 Carminibus confide bonis ; jacet ecce Tibullus,
 Vix manet è toto parva quod urna capit. 40
 Tene, sacer vates, flammæ rapuere rogales ?
 Pectoribus pasci nec timuere tuis ?
 Aurea sanctorum potuissent Tempia deorum
 Urere, quæ tantum sustinere nefas.
 Avertit vultus, Erycis quæ possidet arces, 45
 Sunt quoque, qui lacrymas continuisse negent.

* The Capitol.

Sed

Yet better thus, than on Phæacia's Strand,
 Unknown, unpitied, and unseen to die :
 His closing Eyes here felt a Mother's Hand,
 Her tender Hands each honour'd Rite supply.

His parting Shade here found a Sister's Care,
 Who sad attends, with Tresses loose and torn :
 The Fair he lov'd his dying Kisses share,
 Nor quit the Pyre, afflicted and forlorn.

"Farewel, dear Youth!" thus Delia parting cry'd,
 "How blest the Time, when I inspir'd the Lay ?
 "You liv'd, were happy ; every Care defy'd,
 "While I possess'd your Heart, untaught to
 stray."

To

Sed tamen hoc melius, quam si Phæacia tellus
 Ignotum vili subposuisset humo.
 Hic certè manibus fugientes pressit ocellos
 Mater ; & in cineres ultima dona tulit : 50
 Hic soror in partem miserâ cum matre doloris
 Venit, inornatas dilaniata comas.
 Cum tuis sua junxerunt Nemesisque, priorque
 Oscula : nec solos destituere rogos.
 Delia discedens, "Felicis," inquit, "amata 55
 "Sum tibi ; vixisti, dum tuus ignis eram."

Cui

To whom thus Nemesis, in scornful Mood,
 " Mine was the Loss, then why art thou distress'd ?
 " Me, only me with parting Life he view'd ;
 " My Hand alone with dying Ardor press'd *."

And yet, if ought beyond this mouldering Clay
 But empty Name and shadowy Form remain,
 Thou liv'st, dear Youth ! for ever young and gay,
 For ever blest, shalt range th' Elysian Plain.

And thou, Catullus ! learned gallant Mind,
 (Fast by thy Side thy Calvus will attend)
 With Ivy Wreaths thy youthful Temples twin'd,
 Shalt spring to hail th' Arrival of thy Friend.

And

Cui Nemesis, " Quid," ait, " tibi sint mea damna
 dolori ?

" Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu."

Si tamen è nobis aliquid, nisi nomen & umbra,
 Restat; in Elysia valle Tibullus erit. 60

Obvius huic venies hederâ juvenilia cinctus
 Tempora, cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo.

* Alluding ironically to the following Passage in the first
 Elegy, which Tibullus there applies to Delia ;

*Te videam suprema mihi cum venerit hora !
 Te teneam moriens deficiente manu !*

O may I view thee with Life's parting Ray !
 And thy dear Hand with dying Ardor press !

Tu

And Gallus, too profuse of Life and Blood,
 If no sad Breach of Friendship's Law deprive.
 This Band immortal of the Blest and Good,
 Thy Shade shall join, if Shades at all survive.

Thou, polish'd Bard ! thy Loss tho' here we mourn,
 Hast swell'd the sacred Number of the Blest.
 Safe rest thy gentle Bones within their Urn !
 Nor heavy press the Earth upon thy Breast !

Tu quoque (si falsum temerati crimen amici)
 Sanguinis atque animæ prodige, Galle, tuæ.
 His comes umbra tua est ; si quæ est modò corporis
 umbra ; 65
 Auxisti numeros, culte Tibulle, pios.
 Ossa quietâ, precor, tutâ requiescite in urnâ ;
 Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo.

The poetical Reader, it is presumed, will be pleased to learn, that the Translator of this Elegy has in his Possession a fine Version of Ovid's heroic Epistles, in the same Stanza, with which, it is hoped, he will be prevail'd upon to favour the Public.

E R R A T A.

VOL. I.

Book i. El. 2. l. 64. infatuate, *lege* impos'd on. El. 4. l. 5, and 6. stands *lege* stand st. Ibid. l. 9. Cycle *lege* Sickle. Ibid. l. 44. Ply, ply an oar, *lege* Or steer, or row, or agile, &c. El. 5. l. 3. and *lege* boasts. El. 6. l. 24. May *lege* Fierce. El. 7. 34. Tip me the Wink, *lege* Give me the Hint. El. 8. l. 21. stealing with a silent, *lege* winding with a silver. El. 9. l. 6. shew'd *lege* show'd. l. 63. can *lege* I. El. 11. l. 51. lucoque *lege* lucoque. l. 54. perfractas *lege* perfractas. l. 84. shewn *lege* shown.

VOL. II.

Book ii. p. 49. Notes, l. 10, and 13. Alceſti *lege* Alceſtis. El. 6. l. 10. facta *lege* grata. P. 109. Notes, l. 5. Follius *lege* Pettius. Book iii. El. 4. l. 69. chaſter Bed *lege* chaſte Embrace. Book iv. Poem the ſecond, l. 14 dare *lege* ſace,

**ALBII TIBULLI
ELEGIÆ.**

**THE
ELEGIES
OF**

TIBULLUS.

ALBII TIBULLI

LIBER PRIMUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

DIVITIAS alius fulvo sibi congerat auro,
Et teneat culti jugera multa soli :
Quem labor assiduus vicino terreat hoste,
Marta cui somnos classica pulsa fugent.

Me

In this beautiful Elegy, Tibullus prefers the Retirements of a Country Life, with Delia and a moderate Income, to all the Honours of War and Splendors of Fortune.

According to Scaliger, this Elegy, tho' placed the First in the Book, was written, in Order of Time, the Last of those inscribed to Delia. The Poem itself, however, gives no Sanction to this Opinion.

Verf. 2. *O'er fertile Vales.*] There is a great Dispute among Editors, whether the Original of this Line should be read,

Et teneat culti jugera multa soli :

or,

TIBULLUS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ELEGY THE FIRST.

THE glitt'ring Ore let others vainly heap,
 O'er fertile Vales extend th' inclosing Mound;
 With dread of neighb'ring Foes forsake their Sleep,
 And start aghast at ev'ry Trumpet's Sound.

Me

or,

Et teneat culti jugera magna soli :

The first however is the preferable Reading, being best supported by MSS. Besides, had it been destitute of that Authority, it would still merit that Distinction, as Tibullus must either have been unacquainted with Agriculture (every Roman Acre being two hundred and forty Feet long, and as many broad) had he applied *Magna* to Acres; or have used a superfluous Epithet.

VULF.

But Broekhusius, altho' he reads *Multa*, has yet proved, that Tully and Valerius Flaccus have used that Adjective at least once in the Sense of *Magna*.

Me mea paupertas vitæ traducat inertī,

5

Dum meus exiguo luceat igne focus :

Nec Spes destituat, sed frugum semper acervos

Praebeat, et pleno pingua musta lacu.

Ipse seram teneras maturo tempore vites

Rusticus, & facili grandia poma manu.

10

Nec tamen interdum pudeat tenuisse bidentem,

Aut stimulo tardos increpuisse boves.

Non

6. *A tranquil Life fair Poverty.*] The Word *Paupertas* in the Original signifies, a Mediocrity of Fortune: for so Porphyrio interprets it in his Commentary on Horace, L. 2. Ep. 5. And indeed it is evident from Cicero, that this was the Meaning imposed upon *Paupertas* in the Augustan Age. From this Word then those who maintain, that our Poet had spent his Estate and was obliged to retire to the Country, can derive no Support; as indeed the whole of this Elegy contradicts that Assertion.

Almost all the Commentators on Tibullus have observed, that he abounds in Alliterations, and give the Original of this Line as an Instance of it,

Me mea Paupertas, &c.

Nor is Tibullus singular in this; the best Poets and Orators of the Augustan Age were fond of them; and hence these Gentlemen conclude, contrary to the Opinion of many of the Moderns, that Alliterations, are beautiful in Poetry. A sparing use of them, no doubt, adds to the Melody of Numbers; accordingly Pope, and the best English Poets, practise Alliteration.

Tho' Pontanus and others have wrote well on the Subject of Alliteration, they have not attempted to give a Reason for its pleasing the Ear. When the same Letters begin succeeding Words, these run more smoothly off the Tongue, as the Organs of Speech are subjected to a smaller Change in pronouncing

EL. I. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 5

Me humbler Scenes delight, and calmer Days; 5

A tranquil Life fair Poverty secure !

Then boast, my Hearth, a small but cheerful Blaze,

And Riches grasp who will, let me be poor.

Nor yet be Hope a Stranger to my Door,

But o'er my Roof, bright Goddess, still preside ! 10

With many a bounteous Autumn heap my Floor,

And swell my Vats with Must, a purple Tide.

My tender Vines I'll plant with early Care,

And choicest Apples, with a skilful Hand ;

Nor blush, a Rustic, oft to guide the Share, 15

Or goad the tardy Ox along the Land.

Let

nouncing them. Other Causes may perhaps be assigned, but this appears to be the principal.

7. *And while my Hearth.*] The Original of this Line is variously read by the Annotators.

Dum meus assiduo luceat igne focus

is maintained by Broekhusius, &c. while Scaliger and others substitute *exiguo* in the room of *assiduo* ; both readings are supported by M. S. authority ; that, however of Scaliger's is retained as the most poetical.

9. *Nor yet be Hope.*] The Goddess Hope had many Temples and public Gardens at Rome, for which the Reader may consult Alexander Donatus, L. 1. Romæ C. 9. L. 2. C. 25. L. 3. C. 13, 18, 23.

Boissard has given an elegant Figure of the *Spes Rustica*, T. 4. Ant. P. 130.

Non agnamve finu pigeat foetumve capellae
Desertum oblitâ matre referre domum.

Hic ego pastoremque meum lustrare quotannis, 15
Et placidam soleo spargere lacte Palem.

Nam veneror, seu stipes habet desertus in agris,
Seu vetus in trivio florea ferta lapis.

Et

17. *Let me a simple Swain.*] Calphurnius, a Sicilian Poet of some Merit, has a good natured Precept somewhat similar to this Thought of our Poet's.

*Te quoque non pudeat, cum serus ovilia vises,
Si qua jacebit ovis partu resoluta recenti,
Hanc humeris portare tuis, natosque tepenti
Ferre sinu tremulos, et nondum stare paratos.*

Ecl. 5. V. 39.

Humanity to brute Creatures is the certain Indication of a good Mind. See an excellent Paper on this Subject in the Adventurer.

21. *Here Pa'es I bedew.*] Pales was the Goddess of Shepherds; some called her *Magna Mater*, and others *Vesta*. The Festival instituted in her Honour obtained the Name of *Palilia* or *Parilia*, and was celebrated on the Eleventh or Twelfth of the Calends of May, the Day that Rome was supposed to have been founded. At this Solemnity the Shepherds, leaping over Bonfires of Straw, &c. placed at regular Distances, offered to their Goddess Milk and Cakes of Millet for the Health of their Flocks. This Ceremony is thus described by Ovid in that wonderful Effort of poetical Genius his *Fasti*.

*Pastor, oves saturas ad prima crepuscula lustra,
Uda prius spargat, virgaque verrat humum.
Frondebis, et fixis decorentur ovilia ramis:
Et tegat ornatas longa corona fores.
Cerulei fiant vivo de Sulphure fumi;
Tactaque fumanti Sulphure balet Ovis.*

Ura

EL. I. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS.

7

Let me, a simple Swain, with honest Pride,

If chance a Lambkin from its Dam should roam,
Or sportful Kid, the little Wanderer chide,

And in my Bosom bear exulting Home. 20

Here Pales I bedew with milky Show'rs,

Lustrations yearly for my Shepherd pay,

Revere each antique Stone bedeck'd with Flow'rs

That bounds the Field, or points the doubtful Way.

My

Ure Maris rores, Tædamque, Herbasque sabinas;

Et crepet in Mediis laurus adusta Focis.

Libaque de Milio Milii fscella sequatur:

Rustica præcipue quo Dea læta cibo est.

Adde dapes, mulctramque suas: dapibusque resectis

Silvicolam tepido lacte precare Palen.

Consule, dic, Pecori pariter, Pecorisque Magistris:

Effugiat Stabulis noxa repulsa meis.

L. 4. V. 735.

Thus we see that the Fumigations used upon this Occasion were sovereign for Diseases of the Skin.

22. *Lustrations yearly.*] The Original of this Line has greatly puzzled the Commentators: some of them understanding by *Pastorem meum*, Pan, and others, *Apollo nominus*. The true Interpretation, however, seems to be that which is given in the Translation. See Notes to El. 5. B. 2.

23. *Revere each antique.*] We see from this Passage, that a kind of Adoration was paid to a Stone or a Trunk of a Tree which divided the Roman Lands. They perfumed them with Essences, crowned them with Flowers, and sacrificed round them in the Month of February. They were shaped into odd Figures, and called *Panes Agrestes*; as those which pointed out the Road had the Name of *Compitalis* bestowed on them.

The God Terminus of the Latins, or *Ζευς ὁρίος* of the Greeks, had no Animals sacrificed to him; because, as Plutarch ob-

Et quodcunque mihi pomum novus educat annus,

Libatum agricolæ ponitur ante Deo.

20

Flava Ceres, tibi sit nostra de rure corona

Spicea, quæ templi pendeat ante fores.

Pomosisque ruber Custos ponatur in hortis,

Terreat ut sacrâ falce Priapus aves.

Vos

serves in his *Papaina*, he prevented Broils, and of Course Bloodshed, among Neighbours.

By the Laws of Numa, if any Person drove his Plough into his Neighbour's field, both he and his Oxen were accursed.

According to Arnobius, the Arabians and Pessenuntians paid divine Worship to shapeless unformed Stones; and if Regnard is to be credited, the Laplanders at this Day deify any large Stone they meet with, provided it has any Thing extraordinary in its Figure. These People probably have neither Painters nor Statuaries among them.

26. *Before the rural God.*] Commentators are not a little divided in their Opinions, who the *Deus Agricola* of the Original was. According to Broekhusius the Poet meant Vertumnus; and, it must be confessed, the Husband of Pomona has a better Right to this Place than any other of the Sylvan Gods whom the Critics have recommended. See a beautiful Description of this antient Tuscan Deity in Propertius: Lib. 4. El. 2.

29. *The ruddy God.*] For Priapus any of the common Books of Mythology may be consulted.

30. *And far away.*] Gebhardus, on MSS. Authority, (for what Absurdities have not Librarians committed?) reads,

Terreat ut scævas falce Priapus aves.

which he interprets by Birds of bad Omen; not reflecting, that Birds of good Omen were no less destructive to fine Fruit (the Keeping of which was the Province particularly assigned to Priapus) than his *Avis sinistra*.

My grateful Fruits, the earliest of the Year, 25

Before the rural God shall duly wait.

From Ceres' Gifts I'll cull each browner Ear,

And hang a wheaten Wreath before her Gate.

The ruddy God shall save my Fruit from stealth,

And far away each little Plund'rer scare : 30

And you, the Guardians once of ampler Wealth,

My household Gods, shall still my Off'rings share.

My

32. *My household Gods.*] The Lares were the Offspring of the Nymph Lara, whom Mercury ravished as he was conducting her to the Stygian Lake, whither Jupiter had banished her for blabbing his Amours.

*Fitque gravis, Geminisque parit qui compita servant,
Et vigiles nostra semper in Aede Lares,*

FAST.

They therefore had Worship paid them in the Houses particularly of Husbandmen and in the Highways; and their Festival was called *Compitalitii*, *Compitalitia*, or *Compitalia*. At these, the Images of Men and Women made of Wool were suspended, with as many Balls also of Wool as there were Slaves in the Family, and as many *simulacra perfecta* as there were Children. By this hanging in Effigy, the Antients imagined, the Lares would be bribed (so true is it, that Fear is the Parent of Polytheism) to spare the Living.

These Deities were made of Wood, Stone, or Marble, according to the Wealth or Superstition of the Votary; and were either publick or private. The former were those that watched over the Safety of the Whole, while the Private only superintended a Family. Both were clothed in a Dog's Skin, and sometimes had the Head of a Dog clapped upon human Shoulders. Their common Figure, however, was a

Vos quoque felicitis quondam, nunc pauperis agri

Custodes, fertis munera vestra, Lâres :

26

Tunc vitula innumeros lustrabat casea juvencos :

Nunc agna exigui est hostia magna soli.

Agna cadet vobis, quam circum rustica pubes

Clamet : Iô messes et bona vina date.

30

Additis, Divi : neu vos de paupere mensâ

Dona, nec e puris spernite fœtilibus.

Fœtilia antiquus primum sibi fecit agrestis

Pocula, de facili composuitque luto.

At vos exiguo pecori furesque, lupique,

35

Parcite : de magno est praeda petenda grege.

Non ego divitias patrum, fructusque requiro,

Quos tulit antiquo condita messis avo.

Parva seges satis est : satis est requiescere testæ,

Si licet, et solito membra levare toro.

40

Quam

grotesque Caricatura of a Man's Countenance. Vid. Boxhorn's *Quæst. Romanæ*, P. 31. The Place where the household Gods stood was called *Lararium*. At first the only Offerings made them were Fruits, Wine and Frankincence, but in Time both Lambs and Hogs were sacrificed to them. They generally wore a Chaplet of Flowers ; and when young Gentlemen put on the *Toga Virilis* they dedicated to them their *Bullæ* ;

Bullæque succinctis laribus donata pependit.

41. *Then come, ye Powers.*] This Simplicity in the Worship of the Gods, which Numa introduced, and which suited the Poverty of the primæval Times, continued in Practice till Paganism was lost in Christianity.

Vid. Valer. Maxim. L. 4. C. 4. at the End.

My num'rous Herds, that wanton'd o'er the Mead,
 The choicest Fatling then could richly yield ;
 Now scarce I spare a little Lamb to bleed 35
 A mighty Victim for my scanty Field.

And yet a Lamb shall bleed, while, rang'd around,
 The Village Youths shall stand in Order meet,
 With rustic Hymns, ye Gods, your Praise resound,
 And future Crops and future Wines intreat. 40

Then come, ye Pow'rs, nor scorn my frugal Board,
 Nor yet the Gifts clean earthen Bowls convey ;
 With these the first of Men the Gods ador'd,
 And form'd their simple Shape of ductile Clay.

My little Flock, ye Wolves, ye Robbers, spare,
 Too mean a Plunder to deserve your Toil ; 46
 For wealthier Herds the nightly Theft prepare ;
 There seek a nobler Prey, and richer Spoil.

For treasur'd Wealth, nor Stores of golden Wheat,
 The Hoard of frugal Sires, I vainly call ;
 A little Farm be mine, a Cottage neat
 And wonted Couch where balmy Sleep may fall.
 " What

52. *And wonted Couch.*] Scaliger reads,

—et solo Membra levare toro.
 B. 6.

supposing

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
 Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu :
 Aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit auster,
 Securum somnos imbre juvante sequi !
 Hoc mihi contingat. Sit dives jure, furorem
 Qui maris, & tristes ferre potest pluvias.

45

Jam

supposing that our poet had only one Bed left him, *Solum sibi supereffe torum*. But however exactly this Circumstance may correspond with many of the modern Inhabitants of Parnassus, yet the whole of this Elegy shews, that our Roman Knight was by no Means so reduced; and indeed, as Brookhusius remarks, all the MSS. and best Editions, read,

Solito membra levare toro.

not a casual Bed, such as Campaigners must often put up with, but, an accustomed fixed Place of Rest; such as the Poet of Verona describes in the following beautiful Lines, addressed; upon his Return from Bithynia, to the Peninsula Sirmio, on which he had a Villa.

*O quid solutis est beatius curis ?
 Quum mensonus reponit, ac peregrino
 Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
 Desideratoque adquiescimus lecto.
 Hoc est, quod unum est, quo laboribus tantise.*

CAT. Carm. 29.

Those only can perceive the full Force of this Observation who have experienced it. Ovid, in his Banishment, knew and lamented the Want of a *consuetus lectus*.

*Non hæc in nostris, ut quondam scribimus hortis,
 Nec consue meum lectule corpus habet.*

Trist. L. I. El. 10.

And again,

Tam

“ What Joy to hear the Tempest howl in vain,
 “ And clasp a fearful Mistress to my Breast:
 “ Or lull’d to Slumber by the beating Rain, 55
 “ Secure and happy sink at last to rest.”

These Joys be mine!—O grant me only these,
 And give to others Bags of shining Gold,
 Whose steely Heart can brave the boist’rous Seas,
 The Storm wide-wasting, or the stiffning Cold. 60

Content

*Tam procul ignotis igitur moriemur in oris,
 Et sicut ipso tristia fata loco?
 Nec mea consueti languiscent corpora lecto?
 Depositum nec me, qui fiat, ullus erit?*

Trist. L. 3. El. 3.

BROEKHUSIUS.

Quam juvat &c.] The Translator finding this passage so well rendered by the late Mr. Hammond, has taken the Liberty to adopt it. The Commentators say, that Tibullus borrowed this Thought of Rain assisting Slumber from Sophocles; but could not our Poet have observed, that Rain falling on the Roof of an House would compose to Sleep, without having been obliged to that tragic Poet for the Observation? Antonius Musa, who did such honour to Physic at Rome, cured Mæcenas of a three Years Watchfulness by the falling of Water; and Physicians at this Day experience the soporific Qualities of such a Device; or of the Sea breaking at a Distance upon the Shore.

60. *The Storm wide-wasting.*] After the Original of this Line, Scaliger and Broekhusius place,

*Quem labor assiduus vicino terreat hostes
 Martia cui somnos classica pulsa fugant.*

which they explain by the extraordinary Duties, especially in the Night-time, that Soldiers undergo in the Neighbourhood of an Enemy. It must be owned, that these Lines fall

Jam modo non possum contentus vivere parvo,

Nec semper longae deditus esse v'ae :

Sed canis æstivos ortus vitare sub umbrâ

Arboris, ad rivos praetereuntis aquae.

50

O quantum est auri potius, pereatque smaragdi,

Quam fleat ob nostras ulla puella vias.

Te bellare decet terrâ, Messala, marique,

Ut domus hostiles praeferat exuvias.

Me

in here very naturally; yet, as most Editions rank them immediately after

Et teneat culti jugera multa soli.

Lin. 2.

my Friend has translated them in that Place.

61. *Content with little.*] The Original of this Line greatly perplexed the Critics, till Joannes Brodæus first saw, that a second *non* before *contentus* was wanting. Manutius, in his Commentary on Cicero's Familiar Epistles, and Murinus, in his Lect. Var. L. 10. produce many Instances of this Mode of writing from the best Antiquity.

BROEKH.

63. *In cooling Shades.*] In this, and some of the following Stanzas, Tibullus represents that secure Tranquillity of a country Life, which Innocence of Mind bestows only on those, who live according to the Laws of Nature. *Neque enim facile*, adds Broekhusius, *impurus quisvis solitudini se committat, sub arborum umbra somnulum capturus in molli gramina. Mæret intus sempiterna scelerum comas mala conscientia.*

— *Non sicula dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem, &c.*

Lib. 3, Od. 11.

Nor Dainties force his pall'd Desire,
Nor Chaunt of Birds, nor vocal Lyre,
To him can Sleep afford;

Hearts

Content with little, I would rather stay

Than spend long Months amid the watry Waste :

In cooling Shades elude the scorching Ray

Beside some Fountain's gliding Waters plac'd.

O perish rather all that's rich and rare,

65

The diamond Quarry, and the golden Vein,

Than that my Absence cost one precious Tear,

Or give some gentle Maid a Moment's Pain.

With Glitt'ring Spoils, Messala, gild thy Dome,

Be thine the noble Task to lead the Brave :

A

Heart-soothing Sleep, which not disdains

The rural Lot, or humbler Swains,

And shady Rivers fair ;

Or Tempe's ever-blooming Spring,

Where Zephyrs wave the balmy Wing,

And fan the buxom Air.

FRANCIS.

ut præclare Horatius noster, ille optimus ille certissimus vivendi magister. Hanc sibi nunc vivendi rationem sequendam Tibullus proponit, æquissimo animo relinquens beatæ fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ, qua quidem vita nihil convenientius sapientiæ studiosis, et musarum sacerdotibus, bonæque mentis candidatis. But this Opinion of Brœkhufius may be disputed ; for, tho' a country Solitude is necessary for the perfecting Works of Genius, yet the Town is the best School for those who would excel in Descriptions of human Life.

69. *Messala.*] This great Soldier, Patriot and Critic (of whom so much has been said in Tibullus's Life) was in a high Degree of Favour with Tully ; and tho' Mæcenas has been more praised by the Poets than Messala, the Historians shew us, that our Poet's Friend was both a greater and better

Man.

Me retinent vinctum formosae vincla puellae, 55

Et sedeo duras janitor ante fores.

Non ego laudari curo, mea Delia tecum

Dummodo sim, quaeso segnis, inersque vocer.

Ipse boves, mea, sim tecum modo, Delia possim

Jungere, & in solo pascere monte pecus; 60

Et, te dum liceat teneris retinere lacertis,

Mollis in incultâ sit mihi somnus humo.

Quid Tyrio recubare toro sine amore secundo

Prodest, cum fletu nox vigilanda venit?

Nam neque tum plumae, nec stragula picta soporem,

Nec sonitus placidae ducere possit aquae. 66

Ferreus ille fuit, qui, te quum posset habere,

Maluerit prædas stultus, & arma sequi.

Ille

Man than the Favourite of Augustus: See the Notes to El. 3. and El. 8. of the First Book.

If the Authority of Virgil is to be depended upon, the Romans derived the Custom of adorning their Houses with hostile Spoils from the remotest Antiquity. *Æn.* 7. V. 183. And indeed it is natural to imagine, where Tradition is the chief Spring from which the first unlettered Nations drew their Knowledge of past Events; that these Marks of Conquest were the best Authority for the oral Historian.

When a Roman sold a House adorned with hostile Spoils, either won by himself or his Ancestors; the Purchaser was not permitted to avail himself of the Honour they bestowed, but obliged to take them down.

81. *Of threefold Iron.*] The Person alluded to in this Passage was C. Sosius, who being Prætor when the civil War broke out, was afterwards sent by M. Anthony to command in

EL. I. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 17

A lovely Foe me captive holds at Home, 71
Chain'd to her scornful Gate, a watchful Slave.

Inglorious Post!—And yet I heed not Fame :
Th' Applause of Crouds for Delia I'd resign :
To live with thee I'd bear the Coward's Name, 75
Nor 'midst the Scorn of Nations once repine.

With thee to live I'd mock the Plowman's Toil,
Or on some lonely Mountain tend my Sheep ;
At Night I'd lay me on the flinty Soil,
And happy 'midst thy dear Embraces sleep. 80

What drooping Lover heeds the Tyrian Bed,
While the long Night is pass'd with many a Sigh :
Nor softest Down with richest Carpets spread,
Nor whisp'ring Rills, can close the weeping Eye.

Of threefold Iron were his rugged Frame, 85
Who when he might thy yielding Heart obtain,
Could yet attend the Calls of empty Fame,
Or follow Arms in quest of sordid Gain.

Unenvy'd

in Syria and Cilicia, when he first subdued the Aradians; and then Antigonus, having formerly butchered a Roman Garrison, fled, after his defeat, to Jerusalem, which Sosius soon after took; and using the Jews with no less Cruelty than Avarice, he bestowed their Kingdom on Herod of Ascalon: Neither did Antigonus escape the Conqueror, who not only

Ille licet Cilicum victas agat ante catervas,

Ponat & in capto martia castra solo ;

70

Totus & argento contextus, totus & auro,

Insideat celeri conspiciendus equo.

Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,

Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu.

Flebis, & arfuro positum me, Delia, lecto ;

75

Tristibus & lacrymis oscula mixta dabis.

Flebis, non tua sunt duro praeccordia ferro

Vincta, nec in tenero stat sibi corde flix.

Illo non juvenis poterit de funere quisquam

Lumina, non virgo sicca referre domum.

80

Tu

only whipped, but crucified and beheaded him. These Actions of Barbarity, altho' they disgrace Victory, yet procure Sosius the Honour of a Triumph at Rome. A. U. C. 719.

ΒΑΟΚΗΝΥΣΙΟΥ,

89. *Unwary'd let him drive.*] We see, from this Instance, (and many such occur in our Poet) that Elegy, as well as Comedy, sometimes raises her Voice; and if Tibullus's Panegyric had not come down to us, Critics, no doubt, would have hence conjectured, that his Genius was no less suited to the lofty than the tender Subjects of Poetry.

93. *O may I view thee.*] This pathetic Circumstance Ovid has applied to Nemesis in his fine Elegy on the Death of our Poet.

98. *When on the Pile.*] For the Funerals of the Antients, see Notes to El. 2. B. 3.

Of all the Methods practised by different Nations in their Disposal of the Dead, the Custom of the Calatian Indians, as Herodotus relates it, is the most extraordinary. Darius, says that elegant Historian, having one Day asked some of his Grecian Subjects, what Sum would induce them to eat their

their

Unenvy'd let him drive the vanquish'd Host,
 Thro' captive Lands his conquering Armies lead ;
 Unenvy'd wear the Robe with Gold imboss'd, 91
 And guide with solemn State his foaming Steed.

O may I view thee with Life's parting Ray,
 And thy dear Hand with dying Ardor press :
 Sure thou wilt weep—and on thy Lover's Clay, 95
 With breaking Heart, print many a tender Kiss!

Sure thou wilt weep—and Woes unutter'd feel,
 When on the Pile thou seest thy Lover laid !
 For well I know, nor Flint, nor ruthless Steel,
 Can arm the Breast of such a gentle Maid. 100

From the sad Pomp, what Youth, what pitying Fair,
 Returning slow can tender Tears refrain ?

O Delia,

their deceased Parents (τους πατερας αποθνεσκοντας κατασπινεσθαι) they instantly replied, that no Bribe should ever make them do so horrid an Action. Upon this, the same Monarch, in the Presence of the Greeks too, demanding, by an Interpreter of some Calatian Indians, how much Money they would take not to eat, for that was their Custom (οι τους γους κατασπινουσι) but to burn their dead Parents ; he was entreated, with loud and earnest Exclamations, not to compel them to do a Deed which for ever must destroy their Peace of Mind ! So justly, adds the Historian, does Pindar call Custom the Sovereign of all. νομιμω παντων βασιλεια.

HEROD. Thal. C. 38.

Tu manes ne læde meos; sed parce solutis
 Crinibus, & teneris, Delia, parce genis.
 Interea, dum fata finunt, jungamus amores.
 Jam veniet tenebris Mors adoperta caput.
 Jam subrepet iners aetas, nec amare decebit,
 Dicere nec cano blanditias capite.
 Nunc levis est tractanda Venus, dum frangere postes
 Non pudet, & rixas inseruisse juvat.

Hic

103. *O Delia, spare thy Cheeks.*] Those who indulged an immoderate Grief for their deceased Friends, were supposed by the Antients to injure their Manes, and therefore Cornelia entreats her Husband, Paulus the Cenfor,

Define, Pauli, meum acrymis urgere sepulcrum.

Propert. L. 4. E. 11.

And Lucian, in his excellent Discourse on Mourning, (*περί πένθους*) makes a departed Youth thus answer the frantic Sorrowings of his Father, *ὡ κακοδαίμων πατήρ τί κενεύεις*, &c. Unhappy Mortal why do you thus lament aloud? Why do you cause me so much Pain? Cease to tear your Hair and wound your face, I am far more fortunate than you. Why then do you call me Names, and term me wretched?

104. *Nor give my ling'ring Shade.*] Turnebus was the first who explained this Passage. The Poet, tho' an Enemy to extravagant Grief, expected that Delia would shew a tender Concern when he died.

ΒΡΟΧΝΗΣΙΝ.

111. *With boary Locks.*] That pleasant Versifier Malherbe thus addresses the Muses,

*Quand le Sang bouillant en mes veines
 Me donnoit de jeunes desirs
 Tantot vous soupiriez mes peines
 Tantot vous chantiez mes plaisirs:
 Mais aujourd'hui que mes années*

Ver

O Delia, spare thy Cheeks, thy Tresses spare,
Nor give my ling'ring Shade a World of Pain.

But now while smiling Hours the Fates bestow, 105
Let Love, dear Maid, our gentle Hearts unite!
Soon Death will come and strike the fatal Blow;
Unseen his Head, and veil'd in Shades of Night.

Soon creeping Age will bow the Lover's Frame,
And tear the myrtle Chaplet from his Brow : 110
With hoary Locks ill suits the youthful Flame,
The soft Persuasion, or the ardent Vow.

Now the fair Queen of gay Desire is ours,
And lends our Follies an indulgent Smile :
Tis lavish Youth's t' enjoy the frolick Hours, 115
The wanton Revel and the midnight Broil.

Your Chief, my Friends, and Fellow-foldier, I
To these light Wars will lead you boldly on :

Far

*Vers leur fin s'en vont terminés,
Seroit il bien a mes écrits
D' Ennuyer les races futures
Des ridicules aventures
D'un Amoureux en cheveux gris ?*

The Reader may see the Miseries of an old Man's falling
in Love well described in the Elegies commonly imputed to
Virgil's Friend the famous Cornelius Gallus. These Ele-
gies are a modern Composition, the Work of one Longinus
Maximian a Physician.

Hic ego dux, milesque bonus : vos signa, tubaeque

Ite procul : cupidis vulnera ferte viris : 90

Ferte & opes : ego composito securus acervo

Despiciam dites, despiciamque famem.

ELEGIA

Far hence ye Trumpets found and Banners fly : 119

To those who covet Wounds and Fame begone.

And bear them Fame and Wounds ; and Riches bear ;

There are that Fame and Wounds and Riches prize.

For me, while I possess one plenteous Year,

I'll Wealth and meagre Want alike despise.

THE

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

ADDE merum, vinoque novos compeſce dolores,
Occupet ut feſſi lumina victa ſopor.

Neu quiſquam multo perſuſum tempora baccho

Excitet, infelix dum requieſcit amor.

Nam poſita eſt noſtræ cuſtodia ſæva puellæ,

Clauditur et dura janua ſulta ſera.

Janua difficilis domini, te verberet imber,

Te Jovis imperio fulmina miſſa petant.

Janua jam pateas uni mihi victa querelis;

Neu furtim verſo cardine aperta ſones.

5

10

Et

The following Poem was written by Tibullus upon his being diſappointed in getting Admittance to the Apartments of Delia.

Verſe 7. *Relentleſs Gate.*] It was cuſtomary with the Roman Lovers to addreſs the Gates of their Miſtreſſes: Many Inſtances of this occur in the Elegiac Poets.

13. *Then recolleſt.*] This kind of Gallantry was much praſtiſed by the Romans.

*At lacrimans excluſus amator limina ſæpe
Flogibus, et ſertis operit, poſteſque ſuperbos
Ungit amaracyno.*

LUCRET.

Meantime

T H E

SECOND ELEGY.

WITH Wine, more Wine, my recent Pains
deceive,

Till creeping Slumber send a soft Reprieve :

Asleep, take heed no Whisper stirs the Air,

For wak'd, my Boy, I wake to heart-felt Care.

Now is my Delia watch'd by ruthless Spies,

5

And the Gate, bolted, all Access denies.

Relentless Gate! may Storms of Wind and Rain,

With mingled Violence avenge my Pain !

May fork'd Thunders, hurl'd by Jove's red Hand,

Burst every Bolt, and shatter every Band !

10

Ah no ! Rage turns my Brain ; the Curse recall ;

On me, devoted, let the Thunder fall !

Then recollect my many Wreaths of Yore,

How oft you've seen me weep, insensate Door !

No

Meantime excluded, and expos'd to Cold,
The whining Lover stands before the Gates,
And there with humble Adoration waits ;

VOL. I,

C

Crowning

Et mala si qua tibi dixit dementia nostra,
 Ignoscas; capiti sint precor illa meo.
 Te meminisse decet quæ plurima voce peregi
 Supplice, quum postî florea ferta darem.
 Tu quoque ne timide custodes, Delia, falle. 15
 Audendum est. fortes adjuvat ipsa Venus.
 Illa favet, seu quis juvenis nova limina tentat,
 Seu referat fixo dente puella fores.
 Illa docet furtim molli descendere lecto,
 Illa pedem nullo ponere posse sono. 20
 Illa viro coram nutus conferre loquaces,
 Blandaue compositis abdere verba notis.
 Nec docet hoc omnes: sed quos nec inertia tardat,
 Nec vetat obscura surgere nocte timor.
 Nec finit occurrat quisquam, qui corpora ferro 25
 Vulneret, aut rapta præmia veste ferat.
 Quisquis amore tenetur, eat tutusque sacerque
 Qua libet; infidias non timuisse decet.
 Non mihi pigra nocent hybernae frigora noctis;
 Non mihi, quum multa decidit imber aqua. 30
 Non

Crowning with Flowers the Threshold and the Floor,
 And printing Kisses on th' obdurate Door.

DRYD.

The Romans decked their Doors with Garlands upon many
 public and private Occasions.

24. *Their speaking Fingers.*] The best Comment on all
 this Passage is that Elegy of Ovid's which begins

N

EL. 2. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 27

No longer then our Interview delay, 15

And as you open let no Noise betray.

In vain I plead!—Dare then my Delia rise!
 Love aids the Dauntless, and will blind your Spies!
 Those who the Godhead's soft Behests obey,
 Steal from their Pillows unobserv'd away; 20
 On tiptoe traverse unobserv'd the Floor;
 The Key turn noiseless, and unfold the Door:
 In vain the jealous each Precaution take,
 Their speaking Fingers Assignations make.
 Nor will the God impart to all his Aid: 25
 Love hates the fearful, hates the lazy Maid;
 But through sly Windings, and unpractis'd Ways,
 His bold Night-Errants to their Wish conveys:
 For those whom He with Expectation fires,
 No Ambush frightens, and no Labour tires; 30
 Sacred the Dangers of the Dark they dare,
 No Robbers stop them, and no Bravoes scare.
 Tho' wintery Tempests howl, by Love secure,
 The howling Tempest I with ease endure :

No

Me specta, nutusque meos, &c.

32. No Robbers stop them.] The Civil Wars, as they introduced a general Dissoluteness of Manners, so they also encreased the Number of Robbers; and we have classical Authority for asserting, that Rome, in the Age of Cæsar, was as much infested with Assassins, as modern Italy. Propertius has thus improved upon this Passage of our Author.

Non labor hic lædit, referet modo Delia postes,

Et vocet ad digiti me taciturna sonum.

Parcite luminibus, seu vir, seu femina fias

Obvia; celari vult sua furta Venus.

Neu strepitu terrete pedum, neu quaerite nomen, 35

Neu prope fulgenti lumina ferte face.

Si quis et imprudens adspexerit; occulat ille,

Perque Deos omnes se meminisse neget.

Nam fuerit quicumque loquax, is sanguine natam,

Is Venerem e rabido sentiet esse mari.

40
Nec

Nec tamen est quisquam sacros qui lædit amantes

Scyronis media sic licet ire Via :

Quisquis Amator erit, Scythicis licet ambulet undis,

Nemo adeo ut noccat, barbarus esse potest,

Luna ministrat iter, demonstrant Astra salebras,

Ipse Amor accensas percutit ante faces.

Lib. 3. El. 16.

Yet, after all, the Thoughts of Tibullus appear more just. Mr. Prior has given us the same Sentiment, but in a different Manner, using Mythology with more Address than even most of the Antients.

For Love, fantastic Power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till Watchfulness be laid ;
Undaunted then through Cliffs and Valleys strays,
And leads his Votaries safe through pathless Ways :
Not Argus with his hundred Eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, tho' he, poor Guide, be blind.

HENRY and EMMA.

36. *Soft turn the Gate.*] Broekhusius's Note on the Original of this Passage is so curious, that the Reader shall have it in his own Words, *Minus recte Turnebus (nam et Turnebus homo fuit) banc digitorum concrepationem exponit de re, quam facile nulloque negotio adsequimur, et levi quodam velut sono*

EL. 2. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 29

No watching hurts me, if my Delia smile, 35

Soft turn the Gate, and beckon me the while.

She's mine. Be blind, ye Ramblers of the Night,
Lest angry Venus snatch your guilty Sight:

The Goddess bids her Votaries Joys to be
From every casual Interruption free: 40

With prying Steps alarm us not, retire,
Nor glare your Torches, nor our Names enquire:

Or if ye know, deny, by Heaven above,

Nor dare divulge the Privacies of Love.

From Blood and Seas vindictive Venus sprung, 45

And sure Destruction waits the blabbing Tongue!

Nay,

feno et nutu jubemus et obtinemus. Adv. lib. 20. This Explanation, adds our Commentator, Turnebus confirms by a Quotation from Martial, which, however, as Broekhuſius ſagaciouſly obſerves, only intimates the Geſture of a Perſon, *matulam poſcentis*. He then interprets the Paſſage, and his Interpretation the Tranſlator has adopted.

38. *Lest angry Venus.*] This was a Punishment ſuppoſed to be inflicted on thoſe who beheld, though without Deſign, any Deity. The old Priests of the *Bona Dea*, in Propertius, thus addreſſes Alcides.

*Parce oculis, boſpes, lucoque age cede verendo,
Cede ayedum, & tuta, limina linque, fuga.*

Lib. 4. El. 9.

Venus, in the End of the Hymn aſcribed to Homer, threatens Anchises, if he blabbed their Intercourſe, to ſtrike him with Thunder. The Youth, having diſregarded this Warning, was thus deprived of ope of his Eyes. See Callimachus his Poem intitled the Bath of Diana.

Nec tamen huic credet conjunx tuus, ut mihi verax

Pollicita est magico saga ministerio.

Hanc ego de coelo ducentem fidera vidi.

Fulminis haec rapidi carmine sistit iter.

Haec cantu finditque solum, manesque sepulcris 45

Elicit, et tepido devocat ossa rogo.

Jam tenet infernas magico stridore catervas :

Jam jubet adspersas lacte referre pedem.

Quum

49. *By potent Spells.*] The first Description of a Witch to be found in any Latin Poet, is that which Virgil has given in his Eighth Eclogue. Those Critics who are fond of tracing Resemblances among Poets, would be apt to assert, that our Author had that Passage in his Eye ; and yet, if it is considered, that popular Prejudice imputed those very Effects to Witchcraft, there is no Occasion for supposing, that Maro's Mæris assisted Tibullus in his Description of his *Saga Verax*. However dissonant to sound Sense and Philosophy, magical Descriptions may be, yet they have an excellent Effect in Poetry, where Admiration is to be excited.

According to Marcellus, *Saga*, in its primitive Meaning, signified *turpis amorum conciliatrix* ; and as such Bawds used Spells and Drugs to effectuate their illicit Purposes, it came afterwards to be applied to a Witch.

The Romans, according to Broekhusius, held Magic in the utmost Abhorrence. Would the Reader view the full Force ascribed by the Antients to Witchcraft, let him turn to Horace's Fifth and Seventeenth Epodes. Ovid's Epistle to Hypsipyle, V. 83. and El. 8. Lib. 1. and Metamorp. Lib. 7. V. 179. Lib. 14. V. 43. Propertius, Lib. 4. El. 5. Seneca's Medea, V. 675. and his Hercules Oeta. V. 454. Lucan, Lib. 6. V. 431. Apuleius, Lib. 1, 2, 3. of his Metamorphosis. Petronius. Claudian, Lib. 1. in Rufin. V. 146. Silius, Lib. 8. V. 496. Valerius Flaccus, Lib. 6. V. 439. and Nemesianus's Fourth Eclogue. But Virgil's Description. (Lib.

Nay, should they prate, you, Delia, need not fear;
 Your Lord, (a Sorcerers swore,) should give no Ear!
 By potent Spells she cleaves the sacred Ground,
 And shuddering Spectres wildly roam around! 50
 I've seen her tear the Planets from the Sky!
 Seen Lightning backward at her Bidding fly!
 She calls! from blazing Pyres the Corse descends,
 And, re-enliven'd, clasps his wondering Friends!

The

(Lib. 4. *Æn.* V. 487.) of a Witch, though comprised in Five Lines only, is, by Broekhusius, preferred to all the rest.

However the Moderns may be obliged, in other Respects, to yield the poetical Palm to the Antients; yet the most bigotted to classical Superiority must confess, that the Antients themselves have been surpassed by us in the Poetry of Magic. Who, for Instance, of the Greek or Roman Poets, can be compared with our Shakespeare in this Particular? Nay, they might be challenged to produce any magical Rites equal in Propriety and Terroure to those we find in Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess; a Poem from which, if Shakespeare did not transplant many a Beauty, Milton certainly did.

50. *And shuddering Spectres.*] It was believed by the Antients, that Magic could raise the Manes of the Dead, and that those Ghosts could certainly inform Enquirers concerning future Events. Vid. Homer's *Odysssey*, Lib. 11. Virgil's *Æn.* 6. Seneca's *OEdip.* Statius, Lib. 4. Silius Italicus, Lib. 13. and Valerius Flaccus, Lib. 1. Nor did the Romans regard Necromancy as an infamous or abominable Art.

One of the Usages practised to make the Manes appear, was to shed human Blood; and, if Cicero may be credited, (Vid. *Interrogat. Vatin.*) the Entrails of Boys particularly were, on such Occasions, offered up.

52 *Seen Lightning.*] Some Editors read *Fluminis*; and the Reading is supported by M. S. Authority.

Quum libet, hæc tristi depellit nubila coelo:

Quum libet, æstivas convocat ore nives.

50

Sola tenere malas Medæe dicitur herbas;

Sola feros Hecates perdomuisse canes.

Hæc mihi composuit cantus, quis fallere posses.

Ter cane, ter dictis despue carminibus.

Ille

55. *She calls from blazing Pyres.*] These Thoughts are thus assumed by Hammond.

wizard Dame, thy Lover's antient Friend,
With magic Charms has deaf't thy Husband's Ear;
At her Command I saw the Stars descend,
And winged Lightnings stop in mid Career.

I saw her stamp and cleave the solid Ground,
While ghastly Spectres round us wildly roam;
I saw them hearken to her potent Sound,
Till scar'd at Day they sought their dreary Home.

At her Command, the vigorous Summer pines,
And wintry Clouds obscure the hopeful Year;
At her strong Bidding gloomy Winter shines,
And vernal Roses on the Snows appear.

She gave these Charms, which I on thee bestow:
They dim the Eye, and dull the jealous Mind;
For me they make a Husband nothing know;
For me, and only me, they make him blind.

El. 5.

The Whole of this fifth Elegy of Hammond's is indeed a beautiful Imitation of this second of Tibullus.

54. *Then with Aspersions.*] The Asperion used to send those Infernæ Catervæ back to Hell was Milk; and, if the
Translator

The Fiends she gathers with a magic Yell, 55

Then with Aspersions frights them back to Hell!

She wills,—glad Summer gilds the frozen Pole!

She wills,—in Summer wintery Tempests roll!

She knows, ('tis true,) Medea's awful Spell!

She knows to vanquish the fierce Guards of Hell! 60

To me she gave a Charm for Lovers meet,

(" Spit thrice, my Fair, and thrice the Charm repeat.")

Us,

Translator is not mistaken, this is the only Passage in the ancient Poets where Milk is taken Notice of as used for this Purpose. See Note on the Second El. of the Third Book for the Use of Milk at Funerals; and El. 6. of the same Book, for its Virtue in dispelling Diseases, when offered along with Blood and Wine to the Infernal Gods.

60 *She knows to vanquish.*] The unusual hissing in the Original of this Line.

Sola ferus Hecates perdomuisse canes,

was probably meant to give the Reader a more terrible Idea of those fierce Attendants of Hecate; and hence the Alteration of

Sola ferus Hecate, &c.

offered by Broekhusius, seems improper.

62. *Spit thrice, my Fair.*] The Reader who wants to be informed of the many Uses made of Spitile in Medicine, in Magic, in Expiations, in averting Witchcraft, in Omens, and in conciliating Love, may consult Pliny the Elder, and those Commentators whom Broekhusius has quoted. We shall only observe, that the Belief of its being a Preservative against Fascination is very antient, for Theocritus makes Dametas thus express himself in the Sixth Idyl.

οὐ μὴ βαρύνῃς δὲ, τρίς ἑπτὰς ἐς ἑμὲ καλῶν,

Ille nihil poterit de nobis credere cuiquam :

55

Non sibi, si in molli viderit ipse toro.

Tu tamen abstineas aliis ; nam cetera cernet

Omnia : de me uno sentiet ipse nihil.

Quid credam ? nempe haec eadem se dixit amores

Cantibus, aut herbis solvere posse meos.

60

Et me lustravit taedis, et nocte serena

Concidit ad magicos hostia pulla Deos.

Non ego, totus abesset amor, sed mutuus esset,

Orabam : nec te posse carere velim.

Nor did only the Shepherds of Sicily look upon Spittle in this Light, the Romans believed the same of it. Accordingly, on the Day when an Infant was named, (which for Girls was on the Eighth, for Boys on the Ninth, after Birth) the Grandmother, or Aunt, moving round in a Circle, rubbed, with her middle Finger, the Child's Forehead with Spittle, which was hence called *Lustralis Saliva*.

The Number Three was of great Import in almost all the religious and magical Ceremonies of Antiquity ; for though, as Virgil expresses it, the Gods were supposed to be pleased with all odd Numbers, yet Three was deemed the most pleasing to them. The Number Four was also of some Estimation, as Macrobius, in his Commentary on the Somn. Scipion. informs us. Vid. Cap. c, 6. Our Poet also uses the Number Four in one of his Elegies.

63. *Us, in soft Dalliance.*] Ovid ; who, without any Ceremony adopts our Poet's Sentiments, whenever they suit his Purpose, has made use of the same Argument to an over-vigilant Keeper.

*Viderit ipse licet, credit tamen ille neganti
Damnabit oculos, et sibi verba dabit,*

Altho' it is with great Reluctance that Men credit any Report injurious to the Fame of one they love ; yet nothing less than a Spell was necessary to make a Husband deny the Testimony of his own Senses.

Us, in soft Dalliance should your Lord surprize ;

By this infatuate he'd renounce his Eyes !

But blest no Rival, or th' Affair is known ;

65

This Incantation me befriends alone.

Nor stopp'd she here ; but swore, if I'd agree,

By Charms or Herbs to set thy Lover free.

With dire Lustrations she began the Rite !

(Serenely shone the Planet of the Night)

70

The magic Gods she call'd with hellish sound,

A fable Sacrifice distain'd the Ground——

I stopp'd the Spell : I must not, cannot part :

I begg'd her Aid to gain a mutual Heart.

69. *With dire Lustrations.*] The Lustration mentioned in the Original was a Torch of Pine-tree ; to which were added Sulphur and Bitumen, and, as Broekhusius conjectures, Blood. A solemn Washing, and the Sacrifice of a black Lamb, preceded the Use of the Torch. These Ceremonies were also performed on a clear Night, *Nocte Serena*. The Antients thought them equally powerful either to bind the Lover, or free him from the Influence of Love.

Pontanus and Atmaltheus, among the Moderns, not to mention others, have given us an ample Detail of the Ceremonies practised on these Occasions : But as most of them are unadapted to modern Superstition ; their Accounts shew some Learning but little Judgment. Ovid laughs at all these Ceremonies in his *Remedy of Love*.

71. *The magic Gods she call'd.*] The best List of these Deities is to be found in the Seventh Book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, V. 192. and in the two Spanish Poets ; Seneca, *Med.* V. 140. and Lucan, *Lib.* 6. V. 730.

BROEKHUS.

74. *I begg'd her Aid.*] Tho' this be evidently the Conclusion of the Elegy, yet some Editors have strangely tacked to it,

Ferrens ille fuit,

and the Thirteen following Lines, which belong to the First Elegy. Nor content with this, they have forced

Num veneris magnæ,

and the Seven succeeding Verses, from their natural Place in the Fifth Elegy of this Book, and have added them to the other Transposition. Mr. Dart followed one of these Editions.

May it not have been this Inaccuracy of Editors which induced that great Poet, as well as Critic, Mr. Dryden, to assert, that Tibullus in composing seldom looked farther than the next Line; that he rambles from his Subject, and concludes with something which is not of a Piece with the Beginning. Altho' it is granted, that no Man understood the Beauties of antient Poetry, and of course could draw the Characters of antient Poets, better than Mr. Dryden; yet it is certain, that his Sentiments on these Subjects were not always the Result of mature Deliberation. In the general Preface to the Volume from which the above Censure on our Author is taken, Mr. Dryden complains of his Want of Leisure; and indeed this is too evident in the Quotation above, as the Arguments to Tibullus's Elegies will shew a Beginning, a Middle, and a Conclusion, even more than can be found in Propertius, who yet, according to that Critic, had always a Plan when he sat down to write.

Let not however the Reader imagine, that this is meant as a Censure on Mr. Dryden; that immortal Genius had not Time

Time to correct his Works. But what shall we say of the Age which suffered its first Pen to be hackneyed through Necessity?

However, if Dryden's Circumstances are an Apology for his little Incorrectnesses; Rapin cannot be pardoned on the same Account: and yet that Critic, who often characterizes Books he never read, makes the following Observation.

Je ſcai, qu'il y a des ouvrages qui doivent par la qualité de leur caractère être écrits d'un air libre ſans autre deſſein, que celui d'une naïveté naturelle, et ſans contrainte, tels que ſont les hymnes d'Orphée d'Homère, de Callimachus, tels que ſont certaines Odes de Pindare, d'Anacréon, et d'Horace, qui n'ont de règle que l'enthouſiaſme, tels que ſont auſſi la plupart des Elégies de Tibulle et Propertius; mais il faut ajouter, que ce ne ſont pas les plus belles, Et quand on fait Reflexions aux Eleges d'Ovide on y trouve toujours un tour ſecret qui en fait le deſſein. What ſhall one ſay to all this critical Jargon, but that

Ten cenſure wrong, for one who writes amiſs.

Jo. Antonius Vulpus, a Lawyer of Bergamo, who published an Edition of Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius, A. D. 1710, at Padua, concludes this Second Elegy with

—*nec te poſſe carere velim,*

as Breckhuſius has done; but then he immediately adds, though without any Reaſon, *Videntur aliqua deſiderari.* Vulpus obſerves, that *poſſe carere* was a Roman colloquial Expreſſion, of which he produces two Inſtances from Manilius.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

IBITIS Aegeas sine me, Messala, per undas,
 O utinam memores ipse, cohorsque mei.
 Me tenet ignotis aegrum Phaeacia terris.

Abstineas avidas Mors, precor, atra manus.

Abstineas, Mors atra, precor; non hic mihi mater,

Quae legat in moestos ossa perusta sinus :

Non

This Elegy was written in a dangerous Fit of Sickness, which detained our Poet in the Island of Corfu, antiently called Phaeacia, and was apparently composed before the Second.

The Commentators pretend, that Messala was upon his Syrian Expedition at this Time; and that Tibullus recovering followed his Patron to Cilicia, Ægypt, &c. As this Expedition took Place A. U. C. 724, Tibullus was then only Fourteen Years old, if he was born in the Consulship of Hirtius and Pansa; but as this is rather too fine an Elegy for a Boy of that Age, (and yet Pliny the younger had wrote a Greek Tragedy before Fifteen Years) and as it appears, that he had been for some Time in love with Delia; not to mention other Arguments which the Poem itself affords us, the Translator is inclined to join Issue with Douza, who places his Birth A. U. C. 690, in the Consulship of Cicero and of Caius Anthony. Vide the Life.

But at whatsoever Time this Elegy was written, we may apply what Quintilian says of Eloquence to this Species of Writing in Particular, *Pectus est, quod disertus facit.*

T H E

T H I R D E L E G Y.

W H I L E you, Messala, plough th' Ægean Sea;
O sometimes kindly deign to think of me:

Me, hapless me, Phæacian Shores detain,

Unknown, unpitied, and oppress'd with Pain.

Yet spare me, Death, ah spare me and retire: 5

No weeping Mother's here to light my Pyre:

Here

Verse 1: *While you, Messala.*] The Original of these Lines is quoted by Dr. Trapp, in his Chapter on Elegy, as an Instance of the soothing Graces of elegiac Complaints, *Quam jucundus est dolor poeticus*, (says that Critic, prælect. 13.) *et quanta elegantia querelarum, morbum suum, terra peregrina agrotus, sic deslet Tibullus.*

The *Cobors* mentioned in the Text was Messala's Retinue; which must have been very different from that of most modern Generals, if made up of such Men as Tibullus. But in those Days a Man was thought the better Soldier for cultivating an Acquaintance with the Muses.

An Abhorrence of our Dissolution was implanted in us by the Author of Nature for the wisest Purposes. Even the eldest, and most wretched, are, in general, unwilling to die. But to be snatched away in the Bloom of Life, and whilst in a foreign

Non foror, Assyrios cineri quæ dedat odores,

Et flet effusis ante sepulcra comis :

Delia non usquam, quæ me quam mitteret urbe,

Dicitur ante omnes consuluisse Deos.

10

Illa sacras pueri sortes ter sustulit : illi

Rettulit e trinis omina certa puer.

Cuncta dabant reditus ; tamen est deterrita numquam,

Quin fleret, nostras respiceretque vias.

Ipse ego solator, quum jam mandata dedissem,

15

Quærebam tardas anxius usque moras.

Urg'd

a foreign Country, at a Distance from one's Relations; especially from a darling Mistress, are Circumstances peculiarly distressful. Homer, who knew the Source of every Passion, and could raise them all, has beautifully inserted many such pathetic Strokes in describing the Deaths of his Heroes: And if his Battles make the Reader regardless of Danger, they also encrease his Humanity : And altho' Virgil is surpass'd by Homer, in this Respect, yet is the Lamentation of Euryalus's Mother, who had left her Father's Court to share the Fortunes of her Son, a Master-piece of the Pathetic. Tasso has introduced many beautiful Strokes of this Kind into his *Il Goffredo* ; but none of the modern heroic Poets are in this Particular to be preferred to the Author of *Leonidas* ; unless indeed we admit, that Dante's Description of Ugolino surpasses any poetical Picture of Distress to be met with among either the Antients or Moderns.

14. *And Fortune.*] The Original runs thus,

Illa sacras pueri sortes ter sustulit, illi

Rettulit e trinis omina certa puer.

Those who were superstitious, among the Antients, generally consulted the Lots before they began any Thing of Importance. The first Words spoken by the Virgin in the Temple of Juno, were the *Sortes*, in Cases of Marriage ; as the first spoken

Here is no Sister, with a Sister's Woe,
Rich Syrian Odors on the Pile to throw :
But chief, my Soul's soft Partner is not here,
Her Locks to loose, and sorrow o'er my Bier.

10

What tho' fair Delia my Return implor'd,
Each Fane frequented, and each God ador'd :
What tho' they bade me every Peril brave;
And Fortune thrice auspicious Omens gave ;
All could' not dry my tender Delia's Tears,
Suppress her Sighs, or calm her anxious Fears ;
E'en as I strove to minister Relief,
Unconscious Tears proclaim'd my heart-felt Grief:

15

Urg'd:

spoken by a Boy in the Highway, gave the Omen commonly depended upon before a Journey was undertaken. An Example will better explain this obscure Piece of Superstition. A Lady who was betrothed, went, with a young Companion, to the Temple of the Goddess of Marriage, to watch the first Words spoken by a Woman. Anxiously attentive she seated herself, while the other stood. Two Hours having passed, without a Word's being uttered, or any Body entering, the younger at last said, " My Dear I am tired, will you permit " me to sit in your Chair a little." These were the first Words. The younger accordingly seated herself, and no Body coming in, they both went away after having waited some Time longer. The betrothed Lady soon after died, and the other was married to the Bridegroom in her Stead.

There were other Kind of Sortes. The old Scholiast on the Fourth Pythian Ode of Pindar, tells us, that Dice thrown upon a Table were used as a Lot; and if one particular Side turned up, what they wished would come to pass; but if it did not, their Wishes would not be accomplished.

EAR.

Aut ego sum caussatus aves, aut omina dira:

Saturni aut sacram me tenuisse diem.

○ quoties ingressus iter mihi tristia dixi

Offensum in porta signa dedisse pedem!

20

Audeat invito ne quis discedere amore,

Aut sciat egressum se prohibente Deo.

Quid tua nunc Isis mihi, Delia: quid mihi profunt

Illa tua toties aera repulsa manu?

Quidve, pie dum sacra colis, pureque lavari

25

Te memini, et puro secubuisse toro?

Nunc,

Εαν πολλοὺς μὲν τοῦ ἀπολλῶ, ἀποτρίβουσιν, τοῖς δὲ εἰς αὐτὴν
λισσόμενται.

Of Lots, some were sacred to Apollo, some to Mercury; and they were sometimes to be cast into a deep Well or Fountain. We see an Instance of this in Suetonius's Life of Tiberius, Cap. 14. and Dempster in his Notes on Rosinus, informs us, that those who had Success in this Kind of Divination, often bestowed Gifts upon the Fountain. See Phny, Lib. 8. Ep. 8.

At Præneste was a Temple, erected to Fortune, where Devotees used often to repair in order to have their future Adventures told them. This Temple was very magnificent, which made Carneades say, "He never had seen Fortune more fortunate than at Præneste." In that Temple the Lots were blended together, thrown into an olive Chest, or Urn, and drawn by a Boy. This is probably the Species of Divination alluded to here by our Poet.

21. *Or if I struck.*] The striking the Foot against the Threshold, at the first going abroad, was, by the Antients, reputed a bad Omen; and is one of the Pretexts our Poet used in order to delay his Departure. The Superstitious among ourselves have many as foolish Observances.

26. *Your Isis heeds not.*] Jupiter, in one of Lucian's Dialogues, commands Mercury to hasten to the Nemean Forest, there

Urg'd still to go, a thousand Shifts I made,
 Birds now, now Festivals my Voyage staid : 20
 Or, if I struck my Foot against the Door,
 Strait I return'd, and Wisdom was no more.
 Forbid by Cupid, let no Swain depart,
 Cupid is vengeful, and will wring his Heart.

What do your Offerings now, my Fair, avail? 25
 Your Isis heeds not, and your Cymbals fail!
 What, though array'd in sacred Robes you stood,
 Fled Man's Embrace, and fought the purest Flood?
 While this I write, I sensibly decay,—
 “ Assist me, Isis, drive my Pains away : 30
 That

there to destroy Argus, which done, he was to waft Io over Sea to Ægypt, and there make an Isis of her. *Εἰς δὲ τὰς ἐπὶ καὶ τὸν Νεῖλον ἀναγὰν, καὶ τοὺς αἰμαῖους ἀποπειραντῶ, καὶ αἰσθῆται τὰς πλεοντὰς. Sit illis Dea, Nilumque attollat, et ventos immittat et navigantes servet.* The same witty Author also informs us, that the Ægyptians not only used to call their larger Ships by the Name of Isis, for Good-luck's Sake, but also to have Statues of this tutelary Deity placed in the Stern and Fore-castle of their Vessels. Vid. his Piece intitled, *πλοίων ἡ εὐχαι.* This shews the Propriety of Delia's addressing Isis to protect Tibullus in the Voyage he was about to make.

Gruterus has transmitted to us the Figure, &c. of a marble Altar, dedicated to Isis, to which Broekhusius was obliged for the Form he has given us of an Ægyptian Sistrum or Cymbal. Apuleius has also described this Instrument, Lib. 3. of his Metam.

28. *Fled Man's Embrace.*] In the Mysteries of Isis, it was customary for the Votary to lie alone several Nights successively. This Custom Propertius rails at.

Tristitia

Nunc, Dea, nunc succurre mihi; nam posse mederi

Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis:

Ut mea votivas persolvens Delia noctes,

Ante sacras lino testa fores sedeat.

30

Bisque die resoluta comas tibi dicere laudes

Insignis turba debeat in Pharia.

At mihi contingat patrios celebrare Penates,

Reddereque antiquo menstrua tura Lari.

Quam

Tristia jam redeunt iterum solennia nobis,

Cynthia jam noctes est operata decem;

At utinam Nilo pereat quæ sacra tepente

Misit matronis Inachis, ausoniis!

Quæ Dea tam cupidos toties divisit amantes,

Quæcunque illa fuit, semper amara fuit.

DART.

32. *The numerous Tablets.*] Those who had escaped Shipwreck, or any dangerous Fit of Sickness, usually hung up, in the Temple of Isis, Tablets, on which, say Authors, was described the Manner of their Deliverance: But Broekhuysen is of Opinion, that, as Sailors dedicated to Isis a Representation in Paint of the Danger they had escaped; so those who recovered from any dangerous Disease, by the Assistance of Isis, suspended, on the Walls of her Temple, Tablets, whereon was represented the Form of the Organ that had been principally affected, without any mention of the Remedies used. Thus the old Poet in the Priapeia has it.

Cur pictum memori sis in tabella

Membrum queritis, &c.

Besides this, among the many votive Inscriptions to Isis for Health recovered, which Gruterus and others have preserved,

- " That you can every mortal Ill remove,
 " The numerous Tablets in your Temple prove :
 " So shall my Delia, veil'd in votive White,
 " Before your Threshold sit for many a Night ;
 " And twice a Day, her Tresses all unbound, 35
 " Amid your Votaries fam'd, your Praises sound :
 " Safe to my household Gods may I return,
 " And Incense monthly on their Altars burn."

How

served, we meet with no Mention of the Applications or Medicines supposed to have been successful.

It is, however, an old Tradition, that Hippocrates was indebted to such Tablets, in a Temple in the Island of Cos, for the best Part of the Coacæ Prænotiones. Could this be proved, it would shew, that great Good may sometimes spring from Superstition.

In popish Countries many Figures of Wax, Silver, &c. are at this Day to be seen on the Walls of their Churches, Chapels, &c.

33. *So shall my Delia.*] As the Goddess herself was clothed in white Linen ; so those who returned her Thanks for their own, or Friends, Recovery from Sickness, were always veiled in the same Manner, and sat on the Ground before the Porch of the Temple. Her Priests had their Heads shaved, and also wore Linen Surplices. Hence they were called Linigeri. See Martial's humorous Epigram on that Subject, Lib. 12. Ep. 29. Apuleius, in the Eleventh Book of his Metamorphosis, has given the fullest Account of the Worshipers of Isis.

35. *And twice a Day.*] From the Words *pharia turba*, a great Critic, as Broekhusius informs us, conjectured, that Messala attended Augustus Cæsar in his Ægyptian Expedition against Mark Anthony. But the Epithet *pharia* which is every where appropriated to Isis, and her Worship, deceived Him.

Quam bene Saturno vivebant rege prius, quam 35

Tellus in longas est patefacta vias.

Nondum caeruleas pinus contemserat undas,

Effusum ventis prae buerâtque sinum.

Nec vagus ignotis repetens compendia terris

Presserat externa navita merce ratem.

40

Illo non validus subiit juga tempore taurus :

Non domito frenos ore momordit equus.

Non domus ulla fores habuit : non fixus in agris,

Qui regeret certis finibus arva, lapis.

Ipsae mella dabant quercus, ultroque ferebant 45

Obvia securis ubera lactis oves.

Non acies, non ira fuit, non bella : nec enssem.

Inmiti saevus duxerat arte faber.

Nunc

39. *How blest Man liv'd in Saturn's golden Days.*] Ovid has imitated the Whole of this Passage in the beautiful Elegy, which he sent to Corinna upon her going abroad. Lib. 2. El. 11.

No Poet, either antient or modern, has surpassed Tibullus in his Description of the Golden Age ; yet how different that Age was from the Picture given us of it by Tibullus, the great rural and philosophical Poet informs us in his Autumn,

Corruption still,

Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal Hand

Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage Year ;

And still the sad Barbarian, roving, mix'd

With Beasts of Prey ; or, for his Acorn Meal,

Fought the fierce tusky Boar ; a shivering Wretch !

Aghast

How blest Man liv'd in Saturn's golden Days,
 E'er distant Climes were join'd by lengthned Ways.

Secure the Pine upon the Mountain grew, 48

Nor yet o'er Billows in the Ocean flew ;

Then every Clime a wild Abundance bore,

And Man liv'd happy on his natal Shore :

For then no Steed to feel the Bit was broke, 49

Then had no Steer submitted to the Yoke ;

No House had Gates, (blest Times!) and, in the
 Grounds

No scanty Landmarks parcell'd out the Bounds :

From every Oak redundant Honey ran,

And Ewes spontaneous bore their Milk to Man : 50

No deathful Arms were forg'd, no War was wag'd,

No Rapine plunder'd, no Ambition rag'd.

How

Aghast and comfortless ! when the bleak North,
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd Tempest fly,
 Hail, Rain and Snow, and bitter-breathing Frost ;
 Then to the Shelter of the Hut he fled,
 And the wild fordid Season pin'd away :
 For Home he had not ; Home is the Resort
 Of Love and Joy, and Peace and Plenty, where
 Supported and supporting, polish'd Friends
 And dear Relations mingle into Bliss.
 But this the rugged Savage never felt ;
 E'en desolate in Crowds ; and thus his Days
 Roll'd heavy, dark and unenjoy'd along,
 A Waste of Time !

Nunc Jove sub domino caedes, nunc vulnera semper:

Nunc mare; nunc leto multa reperta via.

50

Parce pater; timidum non me perjuria terrent,

Non dicta in sanctos impia verba Deos.

Quod si fatales jam nunc explevimus annos,

Fac lapis his scriptus stet super ossa notis:

"Hic jacet inmiti consumtus morte Tibullus,

55

"Messalam terra dum sequiturque mari."

Sed me, quod facilis tenero sum semper Amori,

Ipsa Venus campos ducet in Elysios.

2

Hic

65. *Then Love my Ghost.*] This Description of Elysium is not so poetical as may at first Sight be imagined; since even the Philosophers have painted that happy Residence of the Blessed in as lively Colours.

BROEKHUS.

Upon turning to the Passage in Plutarch (Consol. ad Apollon.) cited by Broekhusius in Defence of this Censure, we were not a little astonished to find that excellent Philosopher, borrowing the Whole of his Description of Elysium from Pindar's second Olympian Ode; which, as it is one of the finest Passages in the old Theban, we shall here transcribe,

ισον δὲ νικτήσιν αἰ-
ισα δ' ἐν ἀμύρῃσι ἀλι-
ον ἔχοντες, ἀποτρίβον
εὐδαίμονι νιμύσσῃ βιο-
τον, ἢ χθονὶ ταρασσον-
τες ἀλλὰ χειρὸν
ἡδὲ ποττίου ὕδατος
κλινὰν παρὰ διαίταν, ἀλ-
λά παρὰ μὲν τιμῆος
θεῶν οἷτινες ἔχαι-
ρον εὐνοχίας
ἀδανρὴν νιμύσσῃ
αἰῶνα, &c.

EL. 3. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS: 49

How chang'd, alas! Now cruel Jove commands;
 Gold fires the Soul, and Falchions arm our Hands:
 Each Day, the Main unnumber'd Lives destroys; 55
 And Slaughter, daily, o'er her Myriads joys.
 Yet spare me, Jove, I ne'er disown'd thy Sway,
 I ne'er was perjur'd; spare me, Jove, I pray.

But, if the Sisters have pronounc'd my Doom,
 Inscib'd be these upon my humble Tomb. 60

" Lo! here inurn'd a youthful Poet lies,
 " Far from his Delia, and his native Skies!
 " Far from the lov'd Messala, whom to please
 " Tibullus follow'd over Land and Seas."

Then Love my Ghost (for Love I still obey'd) 65
 Will grateful usher to th' Elysian Shade:

There

And especially in the succeeding Antistrophe.

ἔνθα μακάρον
 νασον Ὀλλυμένης
 κίρραι περιπλοούσῃ, &c.

Which Passages are thus translated by the late Dr. West,
 in his admirable Version of Pindar.

But in the happy Fields of Light,
 Where Phoebus, with an equal Ray,
 Illuminates the balmy Night,
 And gilds the cloudless Day.

In peaceful, unmolested Joy,
 The Good their smiling Hours employ:
 Them no uneasy Wants constrain
 To vex th' ungrateful Soil.

D

To

Hic choreae, cantusque vigent, passimque vagantes

Dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen aves.

60

Fert casiam non culta seges, totosque per agros

Floret odoratis terra benigna rosis.

Hic juvenum series teneris inmixta puellis

Ludit, et assidue praelia miscet Amor.

Illic est cuicumque rapax mors venit amanti,

65

Et gerit insigni myrtea ferta coma.

At Scelerata jacet sedes in nocte profunda

Abdita, quam circum flumina nigra sonant.

Tisiphoneque

To tempt the Dangers of the billowy Main,
And break their Strength with unabating Toil,
A frail, disastrous Being to maintain.

But, in their joyous, calm Abodes,
The Recompence of Justice they receive ;
And, in the Fellowship of Gods,
Without a Fear, eternal Ages live.

Again, in the Antistrophe, he says, that the Good who have been three Times purified in as many successive Transmigrations, &c. become then qualified to enter the fortunate Islands, where

Fragrant Breezes, vernal Airs,
Sweet Children of the Main,

Purge the blest Island from corroding Cares,
And fan the Bosom of each verdant Plain,
Whose fertile Soil immortal Fruitage Bears :
Trees, from whose flaming Branches flow,
Array'd in golden Bloom, resulgent Beams ;
And Flow'rs of golden Hue that blow

On the fresh Borders of their parent Streams ;
These by the Blest in solemn Triumph worn,
Their unpolluted Hands and clustering Locks adorn.

But beautiful as this Description is, it does not surpass that which Homer has given in the Fourth Odyssey, Line

There Joy and ceaseless Revelry prevail;
 There soothing Musick floats on every Gale;
 There painted Warblers hop from Spray to Spray,
 And, wildly-pleasing, swell the general Lay: 70
 There every Hedge, untaught, with Cassia blooms,
 And scents the ambient Air with rich Perfumes:
 There every Mead a various Plenty yields;
 There lavish Flora paints the purple Fields:
 With ceaseless Light a brighter Phœbus glows, 75
 No Sickness tortures, and no Ocean flows;
 But Youths associate with the gentle Fair,
 And stung with Pleasure to the Shade repair:
 With them Love wanders wherefoe'er they stray,
 Provokes to Rapture, and inflames the Play: 80
 But chief, the constant Few, by Death betray'd,
 Reign, crown'd with Myrtle, Monarchs of the Shade.

Not so the Wicked; far they drag their Chains,
 By black Lakes sever'd from the blissful Plains;

Those

564. which, as Mr. Spence justly observes, is the only Passage where that Father of Poetry describes the Regions of the Blest. But to finish this long Note, we shall only remark, that, as these last mentioned Pictures of Elysium are suited to their different Places, or the Poems in which they appear, so is that of our Poet appropriated to the elegiac Muse; Dr. Trapp accordingly quotes it for its uncommon Beauty. *Præf. 13.*

83. *Not so the Wicked.*] The First poetical Description of Hell is to be found in Homer; and tho' all the succeeding epic Poets of Antiquity have, in Imitation of their great Father,

D 2

sent

Tisiphoneque inpexa feros pro crinibus angues

Sævit, et huc illuc impia turba fugit.

70

Tum niger in porta serpentum Cerberus ore

Stridit, et aeratas excubat ante fores.

Illic Junonem tentare Ixionis ausi

Versantur celeri noxia membra rota

Perrectusque novem Tityus per jugera terrae

75

Adfiduas atro viscere pascit aves.

Tantalus est illic, et circum stagna: sed acrem

Jam jam poturi deserit unda sitim.

Et

sent their Heroes to visit those Regions of Woe, none of them have improved the Original.

But altho' Homer's Hell surpasses the Hell of the Antients, it cannot however be compared with many Passages in the Inferno of that great original Poet Dante. Milton perhaps has not outdone him.

Voltaire's Hell is as little terrible, as his Massacre of St. Bartholomew is unaffectingly told.

86. *Where Cerberus howls.*] Mythologists place a hundred hissing Serpents round the Head and Neck of Cerberus, whom they also equip with the Tail of a Dragon.

89. *There he woe dar'd.*] As the Poet meant, not only to keep off every one from laying Siege to his Mistress, but also to preserve her constant in his Absence; he has selected, from the Amours of Mythology, some Incidents very proper to his Purpose.

Yet the whole of this Description is liable to the Censure, which Lucian, in his admirable Treatise on the Manner of writing History, passes on Parthenius, Euphorion, and Callimachus, who, wandering from their main Subject, spend, according to that witty Critic, many Words in describing Impertinences; but as the whole Passage is admirable, the Reader will not probably be displeased to see it translated.

You

EL. 3. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 53

Those should they pass, impassable the Gate 85

Where Cerb'rus howls, grim Sentinel of Fate.

There snake-hair'd Fiends with Whips patrol around,

Rack'd Anguish bellows, and the Deeps resound :

There he, who dar'd to tempt the Queen of Heaven,

Upon an ever-turning Wheel is driven :

The Danaids there, still strive huge Casks to fill,

But strive in vain, the Casks elude their Skill :

There Pelop's Sire, to quench his thirsty Fires,

Still tries the Flood, and still the Flood retires:

There Vulturs tear the Bow'ls, and drink the Gore,

Of Tityus, stretch'd enormous on the Shore. 96

Dread Love, as vast as endless be their Pain

Who tempt my Fair, or with a long Campaign.

O let

You must be particularly cautious, how you launch out in describing Mountains, Rivers and Fortifications ; lest, by an ostentatious display of Eloquence, you entirely drop the Thread of your History : whenever, therefore, Perspicuity demands that the Reader should, in some Degree, be informed of such Circumstances, let your Description of them be comprised in as few Words as possible. On Occasions like these, place Homer before your Eyes, who, tho' a Poet, yet, in his Account of Hell, passes slightly over Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus, and the rest : all which Particulars, were they to be described by Parthenius, Euphorion, or even Callimachus, what a Profusion of Verses would be employed in bringing the Water to the Lips of Tantalus, and in turning round the Wheel of Ixion ?

The more judicious among the Antients saw, that under the Fables of Tantalus, &c. were represented the Torments of an evil Conscience. See Macrobius's sensible Commentary on the *Somnium Scipionis*.

Et Danaï proles, Veneris quae numina laesit,

In cava Letheas dolia portat aquas. 80

Illic fit, quicumque meos violavit amores,

Optavit lentas et mihi militias.

At tu casta, precor, maneat, sanctique pudoris

Adfideat custos sedula semper anus.

Haec tibi fabellas referat, positaque lucerna 85

Deducat plena flamina longa colo.

Ac circa gravibus pensis adfixa puella

Paullatim somno fessa remittat opus.

Tunc veniam subito, ne quisquam nuntiet ante:

Sed videar coelo missus adesse tibi. 90

Tunc mihi qualis eris longos turbata capillos

Obvia nudato, Delia, curre pede.

Hunc precor, hunc utinam nobis Aurora nitentem

Luciferum roseis candida portet equis.

O let no Rival your Affections share,
 Long as this Bosom beats, my lovely Fair! 100
 Still on you let your prudent Nurse attend;
 She'll guard your Honour, she's our common Friend.
 Her Tales of Love your Sorrowings will allay,
 And, in my Absence, make my Delia gay:
 Let her o'er all your Virgin-train preside, 105
 She'll praise th' Industrious, and the Lazy chide.
 But see! on all enfeebling Languors creep;
 Their Distaffs drop, they yawn, they nod, they sleep.
 Then, if the Destinies propitious prove,
 Then will I rush, all Passion, on my Love: 110
 My wish'd Return no Messenger shall tell,
 I'll seem, my Fair, as if from Heaven I fell.
 A soft Confusion flushes all your Charms,
 Your graceful Dishabille my Bosom warms, }
 You, Delia, fly and clasp me in your Arms. 115

For this Surprise, ye Powers of Love, I pray,
 Post on Aurora, bring the rosy Day.

109. *Then, if the Destinies.*] This is one of those Thoughts,
 which, as Horace happily expresses it, Venus has imbued
 with a fifth Part of her Nectar.

ELEGIA QUARTA.

SIC umbrosa tibi contingant tecta, Priape,
 Ne capiti soles, ne noceantque nives :
 Quae tua formosos cepit solertia ? certe
 Non tibi barba nitet, non tibi culta coma est.
 Nudus et hibernae producis frigora brumae,
 Nudus et aestivi tempora sicca Canis.
 Sic ego : tum Bacchi respondet rustica proles,
 Armatus curva sic mihi falce Deus.

Te,

In this Elegy the Poet consults Priapus about the Means to be used in Order to become a Favourite with the Fair ; and that God, in his Answer, delivers an Epitome of the Art of Courtship.

However immoral some Parts of Priapus's Directions may be, there are but too many, among the modern Men of Gallantry, who implicitly obey them ; for, if the Translator is not greatly mistaken, Perjury in Love-matters prevails now as much in Britain as ever it prevailed in antient Italy.

Those who understand the Original, need not to be told the Reasons which obliged the Translator to alter and omit many Passages of this Elegy, which, with some few others of the same Stamp, were probably those Parts of Tibullus, which made the pious Anthony Possevin apply to Heaven in Prayer, to preserve him from Temptation whenever he purposed to read our Poet.

Versis

THE
FOURTH ELEGY.

POET.

SO round, my God, may shady Coverings bend,
No Sun-beams scorch thy Face, no Snows offend!
Whence are the Fair so proud to win thy Heart,
Yet rude thy Beard, and guiltless thou of Art?
Naked thou stands, expos'd to wintery Snows! 5
Naked thou stands when burning Sirius glows!
Thus I—and thus the Garden-Power reply'd,
A crooked Cycle glittering by his Side.

PRIAPUS.

Verse 4. *Yet rude thy Beard.*] Priapus thus describes himself in an antient Author,

*Parum est mihi, fixi quod hic miser sedem
Agente terra per Caniculam rimas
Siticulosam sustinens diu æstatem :
Parum, quod imi perfluunt sinus imbre,
Et in capillos grandines cadunt nostros
Horretque dura barba victa cbrystallo,*

VULP.

Te, te ne capiant, primo si forte negarit,

Taedia : paullatim sub juga colla dabit.

10

Longa dies homini docuit parere leones,

Longa dies molli faxes peredit aqua.

Annus in apicis maturat collibus uvas,

Annus agit certa lucida signa vice.

Nec jurare time. Veneris perjuria venti

15

Irrita per terras, et freta longa ferunt.

Gratia magna Jovi : vetuit pater ille valere,

Jurasset cupide quidquid ineptus amor.

Perque suas impune finet Dictynna sagittas

Adfirmes, crines perque Minerva suos.

20

At

11. *The Vine in Time.*] This was so favourite an Illustration, that Ovid has thrice inserted it in his *Art of Love*. Lucretius has also twice introduced the Drop of Water into his admirable Poem *De Rerum Natura*; and Tasso, in his *Amynta*, has made it his own.

———O miserello

Non disperar ch' acquisterai costei;

La lunga etate a l' omine di porro

Freno a i Leoni, et a le Tigre Hyrcane.

18. *Swear, swear by Pallas' Locks.*] The Antients not only swore by particular Divinities, but by those Things which were supposed to be most acceptable to them. But whence was it, says Broekhusius, that Lovers swore by the virgin Goddess? and adds this wise Solution, *Credo, ob adamatum Endymiona.*

Minerva

PRIAPUS.

Take no Repulse—at first what tho' they fly!
 O'ercome at last, Reluctance will comply. 10
 The Vine in Time full ripen'd Clusters bears,
 And circling Time brings back the rolling Spheres;
 In Time soft Rains thro' Marble sap their Way,
 And Time taught Man to tame fierce Beasts of Prey.
 Nor aw'd by Conscience meanly dread to swear; 15
 Love-oaths, unratify'd, wild Tempests bear!
 Banish then Scruples, if you'd gain a Heart;
 Swear, swear by Pallas' Locks, Diana's Dart;
 By all that's most rever'd—if they require:
 Oaths bind not eager Love, thank Heaven's good
 Sire! 20

Nor

Minerva was so fond of her Hair, which it seems was very fine, and so highly resented all Rivalship in that Particular, that she turned the Hair of Medusa, who had preferred her own to that of the Goddess, into Serpents. Vid. Serv. in 6 Æn. V. 289.

Before the Virgins of Argos married, they hung up a Lock of their Hair in the Temple of Minerva, who was thought in a peculiar Manner to protect the *Capillitium Puellare*. Broekhusius adds, *In vicem puellae Palladi crinem disponebant honorariae psecades.*

20. *Oaths bind not eager Love.*] This Sentiment is introduced by Plato in his Symposium.

ὁ δὲ δεινότερον, ὡς γε λέγουσι ἡ πολλοὶ ἐπὶ τῆς αἰωνίου μὲν ἐν-
 γωμῆς παρὰ θεῶν, &c.

VULP.

See an Epigram to the same Purpose in Callimachus.

At si tardus eris, errabis : tranſiit aetas

Quam cito ! non ſegnīs ſtat remeātve dies.

Quam cito purpureos deperdit terra colores !

Quam cito formoſas populus alba comas !

Quam jacet, infirmæ venere ubi fata ſenectæ, 25

Qui prius Eleo eſt carcere miſſus equus !

Vidi ego jam juvenem, premeret quum ſerior aetas,

Moerentem ſultos præteriſſe dies.

Crudeles Divi ! ſerpens novus exuat annos ?

Formæ non ullam Fata dedere moram ? 30

Solis æterna eſt Phoebo, Bacchoque juvenas :

Tam decet inſonſus crinis utrumque Deum.

Tu,

26. *So late a Viſtor.*] See an admirable Diſſertation upon this Subject by the late Mr. Weſt, prefixed to his Tranſlation of Pindar.

29. *Ye partial Gods.*] It is reported by Naturaliſts, that Serpents or Snakes, upon eating a certain Herb, called Maratos, caſt their Skin and renew their Age. Ovid has a Thought like this in his *Ars Amand.*

*Anguibꝯ excutitur tenui cum pelle vetuſtas,
Nec faciunt cervos cornua jacta ſenes ;
Noſtra ſine auxilio fugiunt bona, &c.*

Lib. 3.

which Mr. Congreve has thus engliſhed,

The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns, may caſt,
And both renew their Youth and Vigour paſt ;
But no Receipt can human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepid Age without Reprieve.

DART.

This is a good poetical Illuſtration, but Philoſophy diſclaims it. Serpents, and moſt of the reptile Kind, do indeed

EL. 4. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 61

Nor be too slow ; your Slowness you'll deplore ;
 Time posts ; and, oh ! Youth's Raptures soon are o'er :
 Now Forests bloom, and purple Earth looks gay ;
 Bleak Winter blows, and all her Charms decay :
 How soon the Steed to Age's Stiffness yields, 25
 So late a Victor in th' Olympic Fields ?
 I've seen the Aged oft lament their Fate,
 That senseless they had learnt to live too late.
 Ye partial Gods, and can the Snake renew,
 His youthful Vigour and his burnish'd Hue ? 30
 But Youth and Beauty past ; is art in vain
 To bring the coy Deserters back again ?

POET.

Jove gives alone the Powers of Wit and Wine,
 In Youth immortal, spite of Years, to shine.

Priapus

deed cast their Coats (*exuviae*) but they do not thereupon
 grow young again, no more than a Bird does after moulting.

The Fugacity of Beauty is a Topic which almost every
 Love-writer, since the Days of Tibullus, has used to his
 Mistress whenever she demurred ; and yet Mr. Prior, in his
 Manner of applying it, has made it entirely his own.

Take heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace ;
 As well as Cupid, Time is blind ;
 Soon must those Glories of thy Face
 The Fate of vulgar Beauties find :
 The thousand Loves that arm thy potent Eye,
 Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.

33. *Jove gives alone.*] Bacchus was much celebrated, both
 by the Greek and Roman Poets, for his Beauty. Anacreon
 honours him with the Epithet *καλός*, and Naso makes him
 the following fine Compliment,

—TIN

Tu, puero quodcumque tuo tentare libebit,

Cedas : obsequio plurima vincit amor.

Neu comes ire neges, quamvis via longa paretur, 35

Et Canis arenti torreat arva fiti.

Quamvis praetexens picta ferrugine coelum,

Venturam admittat imbrifer arcus aquam.

Vel si caeruleas puppi volet ire per undas,

Ipsè levem remo per freta pelle ratem. 40

Nec te poeniteat duros subiisse labores ;

Aut opere insuetas adteruisse manus.

Nec, velit infidiis altas si claudere valles,

Dum placeas, humeri retia ferre negent.

Si volet arma, levi tentabis ludere dextra, 45

Saepe dabis nudum, vincat ut ille, latus.

Tunc tibi mitis erit : rapias tunc cara licebit

Oscula ; pugnabit, sed tamen apta dabit.

Rapta dabit primo : mox adferet ipsè roganti.

Post etiam collo se implicuisse volet. 50

Heu male nunc artes miseras haec saecula tractant.

Jam tener adsuevit munera velle puer. At

— *Tibi enim inconsumpta juventus,
Tu puer aeternus, tu formosissimus alto
Conspiceres coelo, tibi cum sine cornibus adstas
Virgineum caput est.*

Apollo's Beauty is commonly known. Bacchus, as well as Cupid and Minerva, is always represented with long yellow Hair ; and hence the Epithet χρυσόχμος, which some of the Poets have bestowed on him.

37. *Go pleas'd where'er she goes.*] This Thought is finely imitated by that sweet elegiac Poet Joannes Secundus.

Illius

PRIAPUS.

Yield prompt Compliance to the Maid's Desires; 35
 A prompt Compliance fans the Lover's Fires:
 Go pleas'd where'er she goes, tho' long the Way,
 Tho' the fierce Dog-Star dart his sultry Ray;
 Tho' painted Iris gird the bluish Sky,
 And sure portends, that ratling Storms are nigh: 40
 Or, if the Fair-one pant for sylvan Fame,
 Gay drag the Meshes, and provoke the Game:
 Nay, should she chuse to risk the driving Gale;
 Fly, ply an Oar, and agile hand the Sail:
 No Toil, tho' weak, tho' fearful, thou forbear; 45
 No Toils should tire you, and no Dangers scare:
 Occasion smiles, then snatch an ardent Kiss;
 The Coy may struggle, but will grant the Bliss:
 The Bliss obtain'd, the fictitious Struggle past;
 Unbid, they'll clasp you in their Arms at last. 50

POET.

Alas! in such degenerate Days as these,
 No more Love's gentle Wiles the Beauteous please!

If

*Illius imperio ventos patiemur et imbres,
 Ibimus et solas nocte silente vias,
 Nec grave frigus erit, nec solstitium, licet in me
 Fervidus ingeminas sidera sicca puer
 Illa volet comitem sibi, me quocunque sequemur
 Qua via nulla rotas pervia nulla rati.*

EL. 3. Lib. 1.

48. [The Coy may struggle.] Horace has beautifully applied
 this Thought to Lycimnia,

Dum

At tibi, qui venerem docuisti vendere primus,

Quisquis es, infelix urgeat ossa lapis.

Pieridas, pueri, doctos et amate poëtas.

55

Aurea nec superent munera Pieridas.

Carmine purpurea est Nisi coma : carmina ni sint,

Ex humero Pelopis non nituisset ebur.

Quem referent Musæ, vivet : dum robora tellus,

Dum coelum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas.

60

At qui non audit Musas, qui vendit amorem ;

Idææe currus ille sequatur Opis.

Et tercentenas erroribus expleat urbes ;

Et secet ad Phrygios vilia membra modos.

Blanditiis vult esse locum Venus ipsa : querelis

65

Supplicibus, miseris fletibus illa favet.

Hæc

Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula

Cervicem, aut facili sævitia negat.

Quas poscente magis gaudeat eripi

Interdum rapere occupat.

Boileau has done great Justice to this Thought in his *L'Art Poétique*, Chant. 2. and Mr. Francis seems to have caught the Soul of Horace when he translated it.

65. *The Fair, whose Beauty.*] If Poetry bestows Immortality on Charms, which would otherwise fade, it is eminently the Interest of the Fair-Sex to keep well with the Poets. Propertius and Ovid impute to their own Verses, what Tibullus more modestly ascribes to Poetry in general. Indeed Beauty is the Parent of Poetry ; and if the British Bards have surpassed their Brethren on the Continent, it is chiefly owing to the superior Charms of our fair country Women.

The Images, expressive of Beauty, when immortalised by Song, should here have been such as were more appropriated

to

EL. 4. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 65

If poor, all gentle Stratagems are vain!
The Fair-one's languish now alone for Gain!
O may Dishonour be the Wretch's Share, 55
Who first with hateful Gold seduc'd the Fair!

PRIAPUS.

Ye charming Dames, prefer the tuneful Quire,
Nor meanly barter heavenly Charms for Hire.
What cannot Song? The purple Locks that glow'd
On Nisus' Head, harmonious Song bestow'd! 60
What cannot Strains? By tuneful Strains alone
Fair Iv'ry, Pelops, on thy Shoulder shone!
While Stars with nightly Radiance gild the Pole,
Earth boasts her Oaks, or mighty Waters roll,
The Fair, whose Beauty Poets deign to praise, 65
Shall bloom uninjur'd in poetic Lays:
While she who hears not when the Muses call,
But flies their Fav'rites, Gold's inglorious Thrall!
Shall prove, believe the Bard, or soon, or late,
A dread Example of avenging Fate! 70

Soft, flattering Songs, the Cyprian Queen approves;
And aids the suppliant Swain with all her Loves.

POET.

to Elegy; for those, our Poet mentions on this Occasion, would better have suited Pastoral.

Haec mihi, quae canerem Titio, Deus edidit ore;

Sed Titium conjunx haec meminisse vetat.

O fuge te tenerae puerorum credere turbae :

Nam caussam justae semper amoris habent. 70

Hic placet, angustis quod equum compescit habenis :

Hic placidam niveo pectore pellit aquam.

Hic, quia fortis adest audacia, cepit : at illi

Virgineus teneras stat pudor ante genas.

Pareat ille suae ; vos me celebrate magistrum, 75

Quos male habet multa callidus arte puer.

Gloria

74. *This answer Titius.*] Broekhuysen is of Opinion, that the Titius mentioned in the Text, was Titius Septimius, a Man no less eminent for his Friendship with Horace, than for his real poetical Abilities ; and whom that excellent Judge of Men, as well as of Writing, thus characterizes,

*Quid Titius, Romana brevi venturus in ora ?
Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus,
Fastidire lacus et rivos ausus apertos :
Ut valet ? ut meminit nostri ? fidibusne latinis
Thebanos aptare modos studeat auspice musa ?
An tragica defaecit et ampullatur in arte.*

B. I. Ep. 3.

How fares my Titius ? Say when he intends
To publish ? Does he not forget his Friends ?
He who disdains the Springs of common Fame,
And dauntless quaffs the deep pindaric Stream :
Does he design, when all the Muse inspires,
To tune to Theban Sounds the Roman Lyres ?
Or, with the Transports of theatric Rage,
And its sonorous Language shake the Stage ?

FRANCIS.

The

POET.

The God, no Novice in th' intriguing Trade,
This Answer, Titius, to my Question made :
But Caution bids you fly th' insidious Fair, 75
And paints the Perils of their Eyes and Air ;
Nor these alone, devoted Man subdue,
Devoted Man their slightest Actions woo.

Be cautious those who list—but ye who know
Desire's hot Fever, and Contempt's chill Woe ; 80
Me grateful praise—Contempt shall pain no more ;
But Wish meet Wish, instructed by my Lore :
By various Means, while others seek for Fame,
Scorn'd Love to counsel be my noblest Aim.

Wide

The old Scholiast accordingly informs us, that he published both Lyric Poems and Tragedies. There is Reason also to think, that he likewise wrote Comedies ; for the same Scholiast observes, on the following Line of Horace,

Ut vinosa glomos furtivas Pyrrhia lanas.

Ep. 13. B. 1.

that the Poet Titius introduces a Servant of the Name of Pyrrhia, stealing a Ball of Wool from her Mistress. All his Works are unfortunately lost. He had a noble Monument erected to him in the neighbourhood of Aricia, ten Miles from Rome.

Barthius, in his *Adversaria*, owns, that he did not know who the Titius was, whom Horace mentions ; and therefore Mr. Francis is the more excusably silent on this Article.

After all, it is impossible for any Modern to determine, whether Horace and Tibullus meant the same Titius ; and indeed it is of no Consequence.

Gloria cuique sua est: me, qui spernentur amantes,
Consultent; cunctis janua nostra patet.

Tempus erit, quum me Veneris praecepta ferentem
Deducat juvenum sedula turba fenem. 80

Heu heu quam lento Marathus me torquet amore!
Deficiunt artes, deficiuntque doli.

Parce puer, quaeso, ne turpis fabula fiam:

Quum mea ridebunt vana magisteria.

85. *Wide stands my Gate for all.*] This is an Image borrowed from the Practice of the Roman Lawyers. There is no Word in the English Language which fully expresses the Meaning of the Latin Verb *deducere*. It implies that solicitous Attendance which the younger paid to Men of Eminence, or Clients to their Patrons. To form a just Idea of this Custom, a Modern must consult Juvenal, and Cicero de *petitione consulatus*.
TIBULLUS.

EL. 4. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 69

Wide stands my Gate for all—I rapt foresee 85

The Time, when I Love's Oracle shall be!

When round my Seat shall press th' enamour'd Throng,

Attend my Motions, and applaud my Song.

Alas! my Hopes are fled, my Wiles are vain;

The Fair, I doat on, treats me with Disdain: 90

Yet spair me, Charmer, your Disdain betrays

To witty Laughter my too boastful Lays.

Tibullus probably had in his Thoughts some Verses of Cal-
limachus, which Stobæus (Serm. 114) has preserved.

Γηρασκει δ' ὁ γέρον κείνος ελαφρότερον,
κουράι τον φίλουςι, νεοὶ δὲ μιν ὡς τεκνῆ
χεῖρος ἐπ' εἰκείνῃσιν ἀχρεὶς ἀγνοεῖ θυρήν.

VULP.

THE

T H E
F I F T H E L E G Y.

A S P E R eram, et bene discidium me ferre loquabar :

At mihi nunc longe gloria fortis abest:

Namque agor, ut per plana citus sola verberare turbo,

Quem celer adsueta versat ab arte puer.

Ure ferum, et torque ; libeat ne dicere quidquam 5

Magnificum posthac ; horrida verba doma.

Parce tamen, per te furtivi foedera lecti,

Per Venerem quæso, compositumque caput.

Ille

Tibullus had unfortunately boasted, that Delia had not so great an Ascendant over him as she imagined. Being willing to know the Extent of her Authority, she forbade him her Presence: This he at first treated as an Order, which would give him no Pain to comply with ; but he was soon convinced of his Error, and found, that his Felicity consisted solely in her Converse. To reinstate himself, therefore, in her good Graces, the following Elegy was composed.

5. *And like a Top.*] No Poet, perhaps, ever used fewer Similies than Tibullus. The principal Object always employed

ELEGIA QUINTA.

OF late I boasted I could happy be,
 Resume the Man, and not my Delia see!
 My boasts of Manhood and of Bliss are vain;
 Back to my Bondage I return again!
 And like a Top am whirl'd, which Boys, for Sport,
 Lash on the Pavement of a level Court! 6

What can atone, my Fair, for Crimes like these?
 I'll bear with Patience, use me as you please!
 Yet, by Love's Shafts, and by your braided Hair,
 By all the Joys we stole, your Suppliant spare. 10
 When

played him too much to think of Resemblances. Virgil has applied the Simile of the Top to Amata in the Seventh Æneid; as Valerius Flaccus does to Medea, in the Eighth Book of his Argonautics. Things of no Dignity in themselves become important in the Hands of a real Poet.

9. *Yet, by Love's Shafts.*] When the Antients begged a Favour, they generally enforced their Entreaties by alluding to the Objects which were held in the highest Esteem by those whom they petitioned. In amorous Compositions, Allusions to a Person beloved are introduced with most Propriety. The three great elegiac Poets abound with many happy Instances of this Kind.

Ille ego, quum tristi morbo defessa jaceres,

Te dicor votis eripuisse meis.

10

Ipsæque ter circum lustravi sulfure puro,

Carmine quum magico præcinuisset anus.

Ipsæ procuravi, ne possent sæva nocere

Somnia, ter sancta deveneranda mola.

Ipsæ ego velatus lino, tunicisque solutis

15

Vota novem Triviae nocte silente dedi.

Omnia

12. *Thrice I with Sulphur.*] Not only the Poets, but the Physicians, supposed, that Sulphur possessed a purifying Virtue; whence probably it obtained the Epithet *το θειον*: Indeed, if the Infection proceeds from alkaline or putrid Miasmata, the Steams of Brimstone may be antidotal.

14. *And thrice the Rite.*] As many Diseases were thought by the Antients to spring from supernatural Causes, Incantation was early introduced into Medicine. This indeed was chiefly practised in Persia; but it soon spread, insomuch that in the Days of Pliny the Elder, it became so common a Practice in Britain, that the Persians themselves, according to that curious Author, might seem to have borrowed Incantation from our Ancestors. *Britannia bodie tam attente celebrat tantis ceremoniis ut dedisse Persis videri possit.* Lib. 30. C. 1

But had Pliny maturely considered the Affair, he would have found, that as this, as well as every other Superstition, is the Offspring of Ignorance and Imposture, there was no Occasion for making Persia its Mother Country.

Pomponius Mela informs us, that at Sæna, (which some call a maritime Town in Britain, and others a British Island opposite to France) there was a Gallic Deity, whose virgin Priestesses were called *Barrigenæ*; and supposed to have the Power, by Incantation, (*Carminibus*) of raising and laying Storms; of curing Diseases which none else could cure; and of predicting Events. He adds, that they only exerted their magical Abilities in Compliance with the Request of those Seamen, who came on Purpose to consult them.

Lib. 3. C. 6.

The

When Sickneſs dimm'd, of late, your radiant Eyes;
 My reſtleſs, fond Petitions won the Skies.
 Thrice I with Sulphur purified you round,
 And thrice the Rite, with Songs, th' Enchantreſs
 bound :

The Cake, by me thrice ſprinkled, put to flight 15
 The death-denouncing Phantoms of the Night :
 And I nine Times, in linnen Garbs array'd,
 In ſilent Night, nine Times to Trivia pray'd.

What

The Uſe of Magic, in the medical Art, continued long even among the Chriſtians: and there was a Time, ſays Broekhuſius, when the Inquiſition regarded it as a trifling Treiſpaſs.

If the antient Muſic cured ſo many, and ſuch inveterate, Diſeaſes, as Pliny, Aulus Gellius, and others, pretend it did, it muſt have been very different from that of the Moderns.

15. *The Cake by me.*] This Cake, which (as Servius, ad Ecl. 8. v. 32. informs us) was made three Times a Year by the veſtal Virgins, was a Compoſition of Flower and two Kinds of Salt.

17. *And I nine Times.*] Scaliger was miſtaken when he ſuppoſed that theſe were infernal Sacrifices; for Diana, who was none of the Dii Inferi, was the Object of them.

BROEKHUS.

Nothing was bound in Sacrifices, ſays Broekhuſius, neither the Victim nor the Hair, the Veſtments nor Feet; it is certain too that Servius has aſſerted the ſame (*Æn.* 2. v. 133, &c.) And yet ſome Paſſages may be quoted from claſſic Authors, and even from Virgil, where the Hair appears to have been bound; as, for Inſtance, the following from the Twelfth *Æneid*.

Omnia perfolvi ; fruitur nunc alter amore,

Et precibus felix utitur ille meis.

At mihi felicem vitam, si salva fuisses,

Fingebam demens, sed renuente Deo.

20

Rura colam, frugumque aderit mea Delia custos,

Area dum messes sole calente torret.

Aut mihi servabit plenis in lintribus uvas,

Pressaque veloci pinguia musta pede.

Consuescet numerare pecus, consuescet amantis

25

Garrulus in dominae ludere verna sinu.

IIIa

*Alii fontemque ignemque ferebant,
Velati lino, et verbera tempora victi.*

We also see that Dido sacrificed (*Æn.* 4.) with one Foot bare only ; and it is known, that Fillets were tied on the Victim.

DART.

18. *In silent Night.*] Trivia or Diana was applied to in Diseases on many Accounts, but especially because infirm Bodies were supposed to be greatly under the Influence of that Planet. Gruterus has preserved many Addresses to this Goddess in his Inscriptions. Lovers in particular implored her Assistance. See Seneca's Tragedy of Hippolitus, and the Second Idyllium of Theocritus.

BROEKHUS.

25. *I fondly thought.*] No Passion makes more frequent Feasts on Expectation than Love ; and a wicked Wit has said, that these are the most pleasing Meals it enjoys. But, be that as it will, the whole of this Passage exhibits a most amiable Picture of country Retirement, wherein Religion, Love, and rural Affairs, equally conspire to make Life truly desirable. Philosophers contend, that we ought not to indulge too flattering Prospects of Futurity, because, in that

Case,

El. 5. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 75

What did I not? Yet what Reward have I?
 You love another, your Preserver fly! 20
 He tastes the sweet Effects of all my Cares,
 My fond Lustrations, and my solemn Prayers.

Are these the Joys my madding Fancy drew,
 If young-ey'd Health restor'd your rosy Hue?
 I fondly thought, sweet Maid, oh thought in vain!
 With you to live a blythsome Village-swain. 26
 When yellow Ceres asks the Reaper's Hand,
 Delia (said I) will guard the Reaper's Band;
 Delia will keep, when Hinds unload the Vine,
 The choicest Grapes for me, the richest Wine: 30
 My Flocks she'll count, and oft will sweetly deign
 To clasp some Pratler of my menial Train:

With

Case, Disappointments fall heavier. But although we may grant, that it is an Error to be too sanguine in our Hopes; yet, when we consider that Hope was implanted in us by the all-wise Creator, it will appear little less than a direct contradicting of Providence to suppress it entirely. Our Author was of this Opinion. There are few Passages in the elegiac Poets which surpass this of Tibullus in the Warmth, as well as Delicacy of its Colouring.

32. *To clasp some Pratler.*] If it be considered, with what Harshness, even the better Sort of the Romans treated their Slaves; the Good-nature, so conspicuous in this Sentiment of our Poet, must give us an amiable Idea of his Benevolence.

The Peasants, mentioned in the Text, were Slaves born on the Estate. The Romans called them *Vernae*.

Illa Deo sciet agricolæ pro vitibus uvam,

Pro segete spicas, pro grege ferre dapem.

Illa regat cunctos, illi sint omnia curae,

Et juvet in tota me nihil esse domo.

30

Huc veniet Messala meus, cui dulcia poma

Delia selectis detrahet arboribus.

Et tantum venerata virum, hunc sedula curet :

Huic paret, atque epulas ipsa ministra gerat.

Haec mihi fingebam ; quæ nunc Eurusque Notusque

Jaſtat odoratos vota per Armenios.

36

Num Veneris magnæ violavi numina verbo ?

Et mea nunc poenas in pia lingua luit ?

Num

33. *With pious Care.*] Tibullus's Mistress was not to be employed solely in Acts of OEconomy ; Devotion was also to accompany her Thrift. The several Offerings, enumerated in the Original, are preserved in the Version.

Daps, according to the antient Grammarian*, signifies a sacred Banquet ; and in this Sense Tibullus uses it here. Passages, however, occur in classic Authors where that Word only means a common Entertainment. M. Cato, in his Treatise, *De Re Rustica*, L. 83. tells us, that the Offering for the Health and Fæcundity of the Herds, might be made either by a Slave or by a Freedman ; but that, if they chose to succeed in their Petitions, no Woman should be permitted to be present at the Ceremony. Tibullus therefore judiciously omits that Circumstance of rural Devotion.

37. *You, Delia, reign.*] Martial improperly applies this Line to Nemesis.

*Ussit Amatorem Nemesis lasciva Tibullum,
In tota juvit quem nibil esse domo.*

Lib. 14. 193.

With pious Care will load each rural Shrine,
 For ripen'd Crops a golden Sheaf assign,
 Cates for my Fold, rich Clusters for my Vine: } 35
 No, no domestic Care shall touch my Soul;
 You, Delia, reign despotic o'er the Whole!
 And will Messala fly from Pomp of State,
 And deign to enter at my lowly Gate?
 The choicest Fruitage, that my Trees afford, 40
 Delia will cull herself, to deck the Board;
 And wondering, such transcendant Worth to see,
 The Fruit present, thy blushing Hand-maid she.

Such were the fond Chimeras of my Brain,
 Which now the Winds have wafted o'er the Main. 45
 O Power of Love, whom still my Soul obey'd,
 What has my Tongue against thy Mother said?

Guiltless

38. *And will Messala fly.*] Can any Thing be more delicate than this Compliment to his Patron, that even Delia could give him no compleat Satisfaction without his Company? His Love, indeed, was the more violent Passion; but Friendship for Messala, had also rooted itself deep in his Heart. Strokes of this exquisite Nature are only to be expected from those who have access to the Great, but whom the Great have not infected with Selfishness. Mr. Hammond has applied this Thought to Lord Chesterfield.

Stanhope shall come and grace his rural Friend,
 Delia shall wonder at her noble Guest,
 With blushing Awe the riper Fruit commend,
 And for her Husband's Patron cull the best.

El. 13.

E 3

It

Num feror incestus sedes adiisse Deorum,
 Sertaque de sanctis deripuisse focis? 40
 Non ego, si merui, dubitem procumbere templis,
 Et dare sacratis oscula liminibus :
 Non ego tellurem genibus perrepere supplex,
 Et miserum sancto tundere poste caput.
 At tu, qui laetus rides mala nostra, caveto 45
 Mox tibi : non unus saeviet usque Deus.
 Vidi ego qui juvenem seros defisset amores,
 Post Veneris vinclis subdere colla senem.
 Et sibi blanditias tremula componere voce,
 Et manibus canas fingere velle comas. 50

Stare

It is astonishing that a late Critic did not make Milton indebted to our Author for the Manner in which that great Poet represented Eve attending on the Angel Gabriel. Many of his alleged Imitations are not half so well founded. But one, who dealt in the Rubbish of Staphorstius and Foxius, would have no Taste for the Elegancia of Tibullus.

48. *Guiltless of Ill.*] This is such an Appeal to Heaven, as must appear very becoming in a Person conscious of his own Innocence. The Antients imagined, that Disasters were inflicted by the Gods on Mortals as a Punishment only for their failing in the Duties of Religion : But Experience shews us, that the best Men are often exposed to the greatest Calamities. Prior has put a fine Appeal of this kind into the Mouth of Emma, in that beautiful Poem of his intitled Henry and Emma.

Let envious Jealousy, and canker'd Spight,
 Produce my Actions to severest Light,
 And tax my open Day and secret Night :
 Did ere my Eye an inward Thought reveal,
 Which Angels might not hear, or Virgins tell ?
 And hast thou in my Conduct, Henry, known,
 That I, of all Mankind, have lov'd but you alone.

Guiltless of Ill, unmark'd with Incest's Stain,
 I stole no Garland from her holy Fane :
 For Crimes, like these, I'd abject crawl the Ground, 50
 Kiss her dread Threshold, and my Forehead wound.

But ye who, falsely wise, deride my Pains,
 Beware ; your Hour approaches—Love has Chains.
 I've known the Young, who ridicul'd his Rage ;
 Love's humblest Vassals, when oppress'd with Age : 55
 Each Art, I've known them try to win the Fair,
 Smooth their hoarse Voice, and dress their scanty Hair ;
 I've

50. *For Crimes like these.*] Who can read these antient
 superstitious Pennances, and not agree with Dr. Middleton,
 that the Romish Church is the Daughter of the Pagan ?

According to Broekhusius, the beating the Head against
 the sacred Threshold was an expiatory Ceremony brought
 from Ægypt along with the Goddess Isis. This is the only
 Passage of Antiquity where this extraordinary Rite is men-
 tioned ; from whence that Commentator concludes, that it
 neither prevailed long, nor was generally received, at Rome.

54. *I've known the Young.*] The Original is variously
 read by Editors : that which the Translator has retained,
 was the Correction of Scaliger, and is approved of by Broek-
 husius.

Among the few natural Descriptions, to be found in the
Passor Fido, the following, which expresses the Miseries to
 which an old Man is subjected by the Passion of Love, is
 one of the chief.

*Non é pena maggiore
 Ch' en vecchie membra il pazzicor d' amore.*

—S'e ti guinge in quella fredda state
*Ove il proprio difetto
 Più che la colpa altrui spesso si piagne*

Stare nec ante fores puduit, caraeve puellae
Ancillam medio detinuisse foro.

Hunc puer, hunc juvenis turba circumterit arta:

Despuit in molles et sibi quisque sinus.

At mihi parce, Venus: semper tibi dedita serviit 55

Mens mea: quid messes uris acerba tuas?

Al' hora insupportabili e mortali

San le sue piagge, al' hor le pene acerbe:

Al' hor si pietà tu cerchi, male

Se non la trovi, e se la trovi peggio, &c.

I've known them, in the Street, her Maid detain;
 And weeping, beg her to assuage their Pain.
 At such preposterous Love, each School-boy sneers:
 Shuns, as an Omen; or pursues with Fleers. 61

Why do you crush your Slave, fair Queen of Joy?
 Destroying me, your Harvest you destroy!

61. *Shuns, as an Omen.*] Spitting, the Ceremony used in the Text, was supposed a Preservative against bad Omens, and is a gentler Method than those prescribed by the profound Authors of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries as Charms against Witchcraft, which was to give a Gash with a Knife on any Part of the Face above the Organs of Respiration.

ELEGIA SEXTA.

SAEPE ego tentavi curas depellere vino:

At dolor in lacrimas verterat omne merum.

Saepe aliam tenui; sed jam quum gaudia adirem,

Admonuit dominae, deseruitque Venus.

Tunc me devotum descendens femina dixit.

3

Et, pudet heu, narrat scire nefanda mea.

Non facit hoc verbis; facie tenerisque lacertis

Devovet, et flavis nostra puella comis.

Talis

Tibullus's Mistress, had, it would seem, shewn too great a Regard to a richer Gallant. This gave our Poet uncommon Uneasiness; to conquer which, he not only had recourse to the Bottle, tho' otherwise temperate, but even attempted to forget her ungenerous Behaviour in the Company of the Fair. Experience, however, soon convinced him, that nothing could make him either forget, or be happy without her; and gave Occasion to this Poem.

Some Editors have most unjudiciously tacked this Elegy to the former.

Verse 6. *Swear I'm devoted.*] *Devovete*, the Word of the Original, properly signifies, *frigore ferire eam partem, qua viri sumus; ut quantumvis cupiamus, tamen minime possumus.* The French call it *nouer l'eguilette*; and the Doctors of the Canon

T H E
S I X T H E L E G Y.

WITH Wine, I strove to sooth my Love-sick
Soul,

But vengeful Cupid dash'd with Tears the Bowl :
All mad with Rage, to kinder Nymphs I flew ;
But Vigour fled me, when I thought on you.
Balk'd of the Rapture, from my Arms they run, 5
Swear I'm devoted, and my Converse shun !

By

Canon Law say, that such People are *frigidi et malificati*.
BROOK.

Ovid has informed us of the various Means by which such
an Imbecillity may be produced.

*Num mea thessalico languent devota veneno
Corpora ? Num misero carmen et herba nocent ?
Sagax pumicea defixit nomina cera
Et medium tenues in jacur egit acus.*

Lib. 3. El. 7.

So similar is Superstition in all Ages.

Apuleius Celsus gravely prescribes a Remedy, by which
the *Vincula veneris* may be untied. Lib. de Medic. Herb. C. 7.

Talis ad Haemonium Nereis Pelea quondam

Vecta est frenato caerulea pisce Thetis. 10

Haec nocuere mihi. Quod adest huic dives amator,

Venit in exitium callida lena meum.

Sanguineas edat illa dapes, atque ore cruento

Tristia cum multo pocula felle bibat.

Hanc volitent animae circum sua fata querentes 15

Semper, et e testis strix violenta canat.

Ipsa

See a curious Story of this kind, which Herodotus relates of Amasis the Egyptian King, in his Euterpe.

8. *Your Face and Hair unnerve me.*] The Hair here mentioned by our Poet is that of a yellow Colour, *flava coma*; and indeed Yellowness may with Propriety be called the classical Colour of Hair, since some of the greatest Beauties of Antiquity, both Men and Women, are represented by the Poets with this sort of Hair. So variable are our Ideas of Beauty! The Italians, however, even to this Day, praise *Cbiome d'oro*. See a curious Dissertation on this Subject by Jo. Arntzenius, intitled, *De colore et tinctura comarum, &c.*

10. *Receiv'd by Peleus.*] The Heathen Poets, in comparing a Person to any of their Deities, had a sure Method of giving the Reader a Picture of that Person, as the Statues of their Gods were known to every one, and their Features ascertained; and this, says the ingenious Author of the Polymetis, is one Reason, why Similies of this kind are so frequent in antient Authors. It is to be regretted, that Tibullus has not left us more of these Resemblances. The few he has given us are exquisite; but his Heart was too engaged to wander abroad for foreign Ornaments. Propertius and Ovid abound with them. The modern Poets also seem fond of the same kind of Comparisons, though they have not the same Advantages, in this respect, as the Antients. Valerius Flaccus gives us a short but beautiful Picture of Thetis, when going to be married, in the First Book

By what dire Witchcraft am I thus betray'd ?
 Your Face and Hair unnerve me, matchless Maid :
 Not more celestial look'd the Sea-born Fair,
 Receiv'd by Peleus from her pearly Chair. 10
 A rich Admirer his Addresses paid ;
 And brib'd my Mistress by a Beldam's Aid.
 From you my ruin, curst Procurefs, rose ;
 What Imprecations shall avenge my Woes ?
 May Heaven, in pity to my Sufferings, shed 15
 Its keenest Mischief on your plotting Head !
 The Ghosts of those, you robb'd of Love's delight,
 In horrid Visions haunt your irksome Night !

And

Book of his Argonautics. The Reader may also see Catullus's fine Poem on the same Subject. Poem. 62.

16. *Its keenest Mischief.*] The Original, literally interpreted, runs thus: May she eat raw Flesh with a bloody Mouth, and drink melancholy Liquors mixed with much Gall. This was no small Curse, if the Procureesses of old liked good Cheer, as well as the modern Sisterhood. Ovid has concisely imitated this Imprecation.

*Di tibi dent nullos lares inopemque senectam,
 Et longas hyemes, perpetuamque sitim.*

Propertius carries his Malice still farther.

*Terra tuum spinis obducat lena sepulcrum
 Et tua, quod non vis, sentiat umbra sitim.*

The Antients believed, that nothing could prevent the Curses of a Person, unjustly injured, from taking Effect. Of all the Moderns, no Poet surpasses Oldham in these sort of Imprecations. Vulpinus is of Opinion, that the Poet wishes the Bawd to be affected with that species of Madness, which makes the diseased think themselves metamorphosed into Wolves. This is far-fetched,

Ipſa fame ſtimulante furens herbaſque ſepulcra

Quærat, et a ſævis oſſa relicta lupis.

Curat et inguinibus nudis, ululeſque per urbes,

Poſt agat e triviis aſpera turba canum,

20

Evenient; dat ſigna Deus; ſunt numina amanti.

Sævit et injuſta lege relicta Venus.

At tu quamprimum ſagæ præcepta rapacis

Deſere; nam donis vincitur omnis amor.

Pauper erit præſto tibi, præſto pauper adibit

25

Primus, et in tenero fixus erit latere.

Pauper in anguſto ſidus comes agmine turbæ

Subjicietque manus, efficietque viam.

Pauper ad occultos furtim deducit amicos:

Vinclaque de niveo detrahit ipſe pede.

30

Heu canimus fruſtra, nec verbis victa fatiſcit

Janua: ſed plena eſt percutienda manu.

At

22. *There, feaſt.*] Commentators are greatly divided in their Interpretations of this Paſſage. The true Meaning ſeems to be this. The Romans had private Feaſts upon the Death of their Friends, called *Silicernia*, from *Silex* and *Cæna*, or ſupping upon a Stone; Part of which they eat, and left the reſt on the Tomb for the Ghoſts to feed upon. And therefore it became proverbial on extreme Miſery, to ſay, that one got his Viſtuals from the Tombs.

DART.

29. *Pauper ad occultos.*] This Thought is one of the leaſt delicate in Tibullus; and therefore, the Tranſlator has not only omitted it, but given a different Turn to the whole Paſſage from *Pauper erit, &c.*

35. — *the Gate ſtill belov'd ſtands.*] The Word uſed in the Original,

And, on the Chimney, may the boding Owl
 Your Rest disturb, and terrify your Soul! 20
 By Famine stung, to Church-yards may you run;
 There, feast on Offals, hungry Wolves would shun!
 Or howling frantic, in a tatter'd Gown;
 May Mastiffs bate you thro' each crowded Town!

'Tis done! a Lover's Curse the Gods approve; 25
 But keenest Vengeance fires the Queen of Love.
 Leave then, my Fair, the crafty venal Jade;
 What Passion yields not, when such Foes invade?

Your Hearts, ye Fair, does modest Merit claim?
 Tho' small his Fortunes, feed his gentle Flame; 30
 For, genuin Love's soft Raptures would ye know?
 These Raptures Merit can alone bestow:
 The Sons of Opulence are Folly's Care,
 But Want's rough Child is Sense, and Honour's Heir.

In vain we sing—the Gate still bolted stands; 35
 Come, Vengeance, let us burst its sullen Bands.

Learn,

Original, Servius (Ad. Lib. 1. *Æn.* v. 127.) derives from
satim bis cere.

36. *Come, Vengeance,*] The young People, both of Greece
 and Italy, when they went to visit their Mistresses at Night,
 often carried Torches along with them, to burn the Doors
 of those who should refuse to grant them Admittance. This
 boisterous piece of Gallantry, which the modern Spirits
 call

At tu qui potior nunc es, mea furta timeto.

Verfatur celeri Fors levis orbe rotæ.

call beating the Rounds, puts one in mind of the Answer made by one of the Family of Huntly, who was taken Prisoner at the Battle of Muffelburgh, to the Duke of Somerset, in consequence of that Duke's having asked his Prisoner, how he stood affected to the Marriage between Edward VI. and the young Mary of Scotland; "I have no Objection, my Lord Duke, to the Match, but like not your Method of Courtship."

ELEGIA

Learn, happy Rival, by my Wrongs to know
Your Fate ; since Fortune governs all below.

37. *Learn happy Rival.*] The Original,

Mea furta timeto,

Broekhusius thus wisely interprets, Be assured that Fortune
and Woman are mutable, as you yourself will soon ex-
perience.

THE

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

SEMPER ut inducas, blandos offers mihi vultus;
Post tamen es misero tristis et asper, Amor.

Quid tibi, saeve puer, mecum est? an gloria magna,
Insidias homini composuisse Deum?

Jam mihi tenduntur casses : jam Delia furtim
Nescio quem tacita callida nocte fovet.

**Ille quidem tam multa negat : sed credere durum est.
Sic etiam de me pernegat usque viro.**

Ipse miser docui, quo posset ludere pacto
Custodes; heu heu nunc premor arte mea. 10

Fingere

The Poet had taken it into his Head, that he had a Rival in the Affections of Delia; and notwithstanding all her Affeverations to the contrary, was so hurried on, in this Elegy, as to let her Husband into the whole Secret of their Intimacy. Had not Tibullus been under the Influence of a maddened Jealousy, he must soon have recollected, that this Confession must for ever terminate all his Hopes from that Quarter; but so very far was our Poet from perceiving this, that after an Apology, which to every Husband could not but appear highly impertinent, he proposes to him to be received into his Family, and to become a Spy on Delia's Actions. Ovid justly observes on this Overture of Tibullus,

Denique ab incauto nimium petit ille marita.

T H E

SEVENTH ELEGY.

LOVE still invites me with a smiling Eye!
 Beneath his Smiles, what Pains and Anguish lye?
 Yet since the Gods, dread Power, must yield to thee!
 What Laurels canst thou gain from conquering me?
 Me Delia lov'd; but by thy subtle Wiles, 5
 The Fair, in secret, on another smiles:

That

1. *Love still invites me.*] This Censure of Love is highly passionate. Jealousy, like certain Diseases, converts the most wholesome Nourishment into bad Humours. The Description probably alludes to the Masks worn by Love on the Stage, viz. an Infant's Face, with the Head and Claws of a Lion behind.

4. *What Laurels.*] Virgil, in the following Lines, seems to have imitated this Passage of our Poet.

*Magnum et memorabile nomen
 Una, dolq; diuvm, si fœmina victa duorum est!*

This Mr. Addison somewhere calls the wittiest Thought in the *Æneid*. But is not the

Attollens bumeris famamque et fata nepotum

in the same Poem, even more epigrammatic?

Fingere nunc didicit caussas, cur sola cubaret :

Cardine nunc tacito vertere posse fores.

Tum succos, herbasque dedi, quîs livor abiret,

Quem facit impressio mutua dente Venus.

At tu fallacis conjunx incaute puellae,

15

Me quoque servato, peccet ut illa minus.

Neu juvenes celebret multo sermone caveto ;

Neve cubet laxo pectus aperta sinu.

Neu te decipiat nutu, digitoque liquorem

Ne trahat, et mensae ducat in orbe notas.

20

Exibit quam saepe, time : seu visere dicet

Sacra Bonae maribus non adeunda Deae.

At mihi si credas, illam sequar unus ad aras.

Tunc mihi non oculis sit timuisse meis.

Saepe

11. *For when your Lord.] Ovid hints at this Incredulity of our Poet in his Trist.*

Credere juranti durum putat esse Tibullus.

Lib. 2.

Those who have been jointly engaged in Actions, which it has been necessary to conceal by Lies, or Perjury, can never afterwards have a thorough Confidence in each other. So void of Foundation is the Friendship of the Wicked.

14. *I, wretched I.] These Thoughts Ovid has copied in various Places of his amorous Writings. The laborious Broekhusius having collected from Pliny the Names of those Herbs, which were supposed to produce the Effects mentioned in the Text, the Reader, if he is curious in those Matters, may consult him, p. 123.*

The same Critic is also very full on the *Mortiuncula* of the Original, calling them, no doubt, very sagaciously, the certain Marks of solid Joy.

That my Suspicion's false, 'tis true, she swears;
 And backs her Imprecations with her Tears!
 False Fair, your Oaths, and Syren Tears refrain;
 Your Syren Tears, and Oaths no Credit gain; 10
 For when your Lord suspected me of yore,
 As much you wept, as many Oaths you swore.

Yet wherefore blame I Love? the blame is mine;
 I, wretched I, first taught her to design!
 I first instructed her, her Spies to foil! 15
 Back on myself my wanton Arts recoil:
 Herbs of rare Energy my Skill supplied,
 All Marks of too-fond Gallantry to hide!
 More artful now, alone the wanton Lies;
 And new Pretexts her cozening Brains devise. 20

Uncautious Lord of a too cunning Spouse!
 Admittance grant me, she shall keep her Vows!
 Be warn'd, my Friend, observe her when her Tongue
 Commends in wanton Phrase the gay-dress'd young;

O

22. *Admittance grant me.*] Some Editors change the *Mi-*
nus of the Original into *Nihil*, and thus explain the Passage.
 "If you keep your Wife from the Company of other Men,
 "I shall be the less displeased to be debarred her Presence;
 "it depends therefore intirely upon yourself, to prevent
 "my approaching her." *Servare*, understood in this man-
 ner, is the same with *inspicere*, *observare*, *oculis notare*. But
 this Interpretation, notwithstanding Virgil and Valerius
 Flaccus use *servare* in that Sense, is more ingenious than
 just, being contradicted by the Sequel of the Elegy. One of
 the best Methods, of finding out the Sense of any obscure
 Passage, is to compare it with other Parts of the Original.

Saepe velut gemmas ejus, signumve probarem; 25

Per causam memini me tetigisse manum.

Saepe mero somnum peperit tibi; at ipse bibebam

Sobria supposita pocula victor aqua.

Non ego te laesi prudens: ignosce fatenti.

Jussit Amor. Contra quis ferat arma Deos? 30

Ille ego sum, nec me jam dicere vera pudebit,

Instabat tota cui tua nocte canis.

Non frustra quidam jam nunc in limine perstat

Sedulus, ac crebro prospicit, ac refugit:

Et simulat transire domum: mox deinde recurrit 35

Solus, et ante ipsas excreat usque fores.

Nescio

31. *Nor let your Wife.*] It was not lawful for Men to inform themselves of the real Name of the *Bona Dea*, Her Sacrifices, called by Cicero the most antient and occult of any in Rome, were performed once a-year by the Vestal Virgins in that Consul's House, where the Fasces happened to be deposited, *quo mense sacrum fiebat pro populo universo*. During the Celebration of this Solemnity, not only the Master of the House, and all other Men, were excluded, but their very Pictures and Statues were carefully concealed. It was believed that a sudden Blindness would be inflicted upon any Man, who on that Occasion, however accidentally, should view those Mysteries: It is true indeed, that the Adventure of Clodius might have convinced even the Vulgar, of the Folly and Superstition of such an Apprehension; yet was the Attempt itself regarded by all as the height of Profanation; and if that turbulently frantic Nobleman committed, at that Time, in Cæsar's House, the Crimes with which Cicero charges him, Cæsar was in the right to divorce Pompeia: as the Reason he gave for it, viz. *That Cæsar's Wife was not to be suspected*, ought to be looked upon as the Result of that Delicacy and Superiority of

O let her not her heaving Bosom bare, 25
 Expos'd to every Fop's immodest Stare.
 When leaning on the Board, with flowing Wine,
 She seems to draw some inconsiderate Line ;
 Take heed, take heed, (I know the Warning true)
 These random Lines assign an Interview. 30
 Nor let your Wife to Fanes so frequent roam,
 A modest Wife's best Temple is at Home :
 But if your Prohibitions all are vain ;
 Tip me the Wink, I'll dodge her to the Fane ;
 What tho' the Goddess snatch my curious Sight, 35
 I'll bring her wanton Privacies to light.

Some

of Genius, which raised him, even in domestic Matters, above the Level of other Men.

34. — *I'll dodge her to the Fane.*] Scaliger, from the Word *aram*, which is found in many of the old MSS. and Editions, conjectures, that the Worship mentioned in the Text, must have been at the Consul's House ; and infers, that, as none but Women of the first Rank had Admittance there, Delia must have been a Woman of Fashion. Broekhusius, on the other hand, supported by an almost equal Number of Editions and MSS. read *aras*, and contends, that Tibullus meant by that Expression, one of the two public Temples in Rome dedicated to the *Bona Dea*, alledging, that Delia was a *Muliercula ini ordinis*. But should not Broekhusius have considered, that the Poets often use the plural Number for the singular. Vid, El. 2. Lib. 2. Lin. prima.

According to P. Victor, the *Bona Dea* had two Temples, one in the 12th, and the other in the 13th Region of Rome. This stood on that Part of the Aventine Hill, which was called *Remuria* ; and *that*, at the Foot of the same Hill ; whence, as Broekhusius remarks, it received the Appellation of *Subsaxana*.

Nescio quid furtivus amor parat; utere quæso

Dum licet; in liquida nat tibi linter aqua.

Quid tenera tibi conjuge opus? tua si bona nescis

Servare, ah frustra clavis inest foribus.

40

Te tenet, absentis alios suspirat amores,

Et simulat subito condoluisse caput.

At mihi servandam credas, non saeva recuso

Verbera, detracto non ego vincla pedum.

Tunc procul absitis, quisquis colis arte capillos,

45

Effluit effuso cui toga laxa sinu.

Quisquis

37. *Some Gem [she wore.]* In Helen's fine Epistle to Paris, there is a Thought of the same Kind.

*Tu modo me spectas oculis lascivæ prætervis
Quos vix instantes lumina nostra ferunt,
Et modo suspiras, modo pocula proxima nobis
Sumis, quaque bibi, tu quoque parte bibis.
Ab quoties digitis, quoties ego testa notavi
Signa supercilio pene loquenti dari,
Et sæpe extimui ne vir meus illa videret
Non satis occultis erubique notis.*

Which is thus Englished by Dryden.

Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual Ardour press my Hand,
Contrive just after me to drink the Glass,
Nor would you let the least Occasion pass,
Which oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And blushing sat for Things which you have done.

We are not, however, to suppose, that Ovid borrowed the Thought from Tibullus; for these are Stratagems which have been practis'd by Lovers in all Ages.

Some Gem she wore, I'd oft pretend to view,
 But squeez'd her Fingers unperceiv'd of you :
 Oft with full racy Bowls I seal'd your Eyes,
 Water my Bev'ridge, and obtain'd the Prize. 40
 Yet since I tell, forgive the Pranks I play'd,
 Love prompted all, and Love must be obey'd !

Nay, 'twas at me (be now the Truth avow'd)
 Your watchful Mastiff us'd to bark so loud ;
 But now some other, with insidious wait, 45
 Intent observes each creaking of your Gate,
 At which, whoever of the House appears,
 Passing, the Mein of quick Dispatch he wears ;
 But comes again, the Minute they remove,
 And coughs, sure Signal of impatient Love ! 50

What

40. *Water my Bev'ridge.*] Broekhusius, whom few Commentators have exceeded in the Knowledge of antient Customs of no moment, informs us, that the Practice of challenging to drink, was a Fashion derived to Rome from Greece. See the Verses which Stobæus (Serm. 16) has preserved, said to be written by Panyasis the Poet, who was either Uncle or Cousin-german to Herodotus the Historian.

According to Theophrastus, (as Pliny remarks, L. 36. C. 21.) your boon Companions of Greece, in their Drinking-matches, used the Powder of Pumice, which had this commendatory Property, that they ran a Risk of their Lives, unless they swallowed after it an immense Quantity of Wine ; for so cold is the Pumice, adds he, that a little of it being thrown into Must, will stop its fermenting.

41. ——— *Forgive the Pranks I play'd.*] *Excusatio quam frequens, tam frivola,* exclaims the good Broekhusius.

Quisquis et occurret, ne possit crimen habere,

Stet procul, atque alia stet procul ante via.

Sic fieri jubet ipse Deus; sic magna sacerdos

Est mihi divino vaticinata sono.

50

Haec ubi Bellonae motu est agitata, nec acrem

Flammam, non amens verbera torta timet.

Ipsa bipenne suos caedit violenta lacertos,

Sanguineque effuso spargit inulta Deam,

Statque latus praefixa veru, stat faucia pectus:

55

Et canit eventus, quos Dea magna monet.

Parcite, quam custodit Amor, violare puellam:

Ne pigeat magno post didicisse malo.

Attigeris, labentur opes: ut vulnere nostro

Sanguis, ut hic ventis diripiturque cinis.

60

Et

61. *Hence from my Ward.*] Our Poet's natural Heat of Disposition, transports him to think, that he is again admitted to the Guardianship of Delia; and the more to influence her Husband to intrust Delia to his Care, he makes Heaven and Bellona denounce Vengeance against any Gallant, who should make advances to her whilst abroad.

In the Description of Bellona's Priestesses, (which resembles what we are told of Baal's Priests in the First Book of Kings, C. 18.) our Author's Language rises, and shows, that what Quintilian applied to Alcaeus, may with equal Propriety be said of Tibullus. *Si in lusus et amores descendat, majoribus tamen aptior est.*

The Bellonarii were Fortune-tellers; and their High Priest, according to Juvenal, was an Eunuch. They strolled about the Streets, forboding Diseases, &c. These the Superstitious were fain to avert, by Donations of Eggs, and a particular coloured Raiment, called *Zerampelina*, which, when

What boots, tho' Marriage gave a Wife so fair,
If careless you, or she eludes your Care?
While Men are artful, and your Wife can feign,
Vain are your Brazen-bolts, your Mastiffs vain.

Cold to the Raptures of the genial Bed, 55
She lays the Fault upon an aching Head:
'Tis false; the Wanton for some other Sighs;
From this, her Coolness, this, her Aches arise.

Then then be warn'd, intrust her to my Care;
Whips, Chains I laugh at, if you grant my Prayer. 60
"Hence from my Ward, ye sparkish essenc'd Beaus;
"Illegal Love oft springs from essenc'd Cloaths."
Where'er she walks, not distant I'll attend;
And guard your Honour from the casual Friend!
"Off, Gallants, off: for so the Gods ordain, 65
"So, the dread Priestesses in unerring Strain!"
(When holy Fury fires the frantic Dame,
She mocks all Torture, and exults in Flame;

Her

when hung up in the Temple of their Goddess, had, it seems, the Power of averting those Calamities, with which the Donor had been menaced. Vid. Juv. Sat. 6. Lin. 536.

68. *She mocks all Torture.*] Literally, she dreads not the twisted Lash, which, according to Broekhusius, was the Flagellum with which Bellona used to flog her Votaries into Madness, whence they received the Appellations of *Entheati et fanatici*.

Et tibi nescio quas dixit, mea Delia, poenas.

Si tamen admittas, sit precor illa levis.

Non ego te propter parco tibi, sed tua mater

Me movet, atque iras aurea vincit anus.

Haec me deducit tenebris, multoque timore

65

Conjungit nostras clam taciturna manus.

Haec foribusque manet noctu me adfixa, proculque

Cognoscit strepitus me veniente pedum.

Vive diu mihi, dulcis anus; proprios ego tecum,

Sit modo fas, annos conteruisse velim.

70

Te semper, natamque tuam te propter amabo.

Quidquid agat, sanguis est tamen illa tuus.

Sit modo casta doce, quamvis non vitta ligatos

Impediat crines, nec stola longa pedes.

Et mihi sint durae leges, laudare nec ullam

75

Possim ego, quin oculos adpetat illa meos.

Et

78. *E'en were you guilty.*] In the Original,

Si tamen admittas, sit tamen illa levis.

This Passage is difficult. We have followed the Interpretation of Broekhusius. Vulpus thus explains it. *Connivat delicto, nec extemplo velit supplicium sumere.*

86. *My sweet Conduetress.*] The social and benevolent Passions are every where resplendent in our Poet; and these in some Measure ought to compensate for his amorous Failings. Let it be considered, that Augustus himself wrote some obscene Poems: Example, however, is no Justification of Vice.

89. *Yet tho' no coy Cimarr.*] By the *stola* and *vitta* mentioned in the Original, the good Cyllenius *sacerdotum integritatem, et matronarum pudicitiam, intelligebat.* But Broekhusius peremptorily

Her Snow-white Arms and heaving Breast she tears ;
 And with the gushing Gore Bellona smears ; 70
 Deep in her Side she plants the glittering Sword ;
 And the dread Goddess prompts each fateful Word.)
 " Ye youths beware, nor touch whom Cupid guards,
 " Unpunish'd none Attempt his gentle Wards :
 " As my Blood flows, and as these Ashes fly ; 75
 " Their wealth shall perish, and their manhood die."

She menac'd then the Fair, with dreadful Pain ;
 E'en were you guilty, may her Threats be vain :
 Not on your own Account ; your Mother's Age,
 Your worthy Mother, deprecates my Rage : 80
 When Love and Fortune smil'd, her gentle Aid
 Oft me conducted to the blooming Maid ;
 My Foot-steps, wakeful, from a-far she knew,
 Unbarr'd the Gate, nor fear'd the nightly Dew :
 Half of my Life's long Thread I'd pleas'd resign, 85
 My sweet Conductress, could I lengthen thine !
 Still, still, tho' much abus'd, I Delia prize ;
 She's still thy Daughter, and enchants my Eyes.

Yet tho' no coy Cimarr invest the Fair ;
 Nor vestal Fillet bind her auburn Hair ; 90
 Teach

peremptorily insists upon it, that Delia was *libertina conditionis*, because Virgins and Matrons (*matronae*) wore the *stola* and *vitta*. And yet it is certain, that Dancers and *Citharedi* wore also that Garb.

Et si quid peccasse puter, duxerque capillis
 Inmerito, pronas per rapiarque vias ;
 Non ego te pulsare velim ; sed venerit iste
 Si furor, optarim non habuisse manus. 80
 Nec saevo sis casta metu, sed mente fideli
 Mutuus absenti te mihi fervet amor.
 Nam quae fida fuit nulli, post victa senecta
 Ducit inops tremula stamina torta manu :
 Firmaque conductis adnectit licia telis, 85
 Tractaque de niveo vellere ducta putat.
 Hanc animo gaudente vident, juvenumque catervae
 Commemorant merito tot mala ferre senem.

Hanc

99. *What Wrath may perpetrate.*] The literal Interpretation is as follows. And if I be thought to have committed any Fault, and in consequence of this, am; tho' innocent, either to be undeservedly dragged by the Hair, or pushed down a Declivity, I would not, even on such an Occasion, wish to beat you ; but should I become enraged, would sincerely wish to be deprived of Hands. This will sound very odd in a modern fine Lady's Ears, and no wonder ; for from this we have an undeniable Proof, that the present Age, in point of Gallantry, has many Advantages over the Augustan.

105. *Yet with each servile Drudgery.*] The Text says, May she in Poverty and in Age draw twisted Threads with a trembling Hand, or work on a borrowed Loom, or gain a wretched Subsistence by picking of Wool. Joannes Secundus has happily imitated this Imprecation.

*Sera tibi veniet fastus vindicta protervi
 Aetatis teneræ crimina flebis anus,*

Cam

Teach her what decent Modesty requires;
 To crown my Fire, alone, with equal Fires.
 Me too confine; and if, in wanton Praise
 Of other Maids, my Tongue luxuriant strays;
 Let thy Suspicion then no Limits know, 95
 Insult me, spurn me, as thy greatest Foe!
 But if your Jealousies are built in Air,
 And patient Love your Usage cannot bear;
 What Wrath may perpetrate, my Soul alarms;
 For Wrath, I warn you, heeds not Female-charms. 100
 Nor yet be chaste, from mean unamorous Fear;
 Be still most modest, when I am not near.

For those, whom neither Wit, nor Worth secure,
 Grow old, unpitied; palsi'd, worthless, poor;
 Yet with each servile Drudgery they strive, 105
 To keep their Being's Wretchedness alive!
 The gay regard their Woe, with laughing Eyes;
 Swear they deserve it, and absolve the Skies!

Nor

*Cum tibi calatum laxis, pulcherrima, rugis
 Luridus inficiet pallor anile caput.
 Condu& tamque trabens tremebundo pollice lanam
 Involves fuso stamina longa brevi.
 Adspiciet lacrimas ridens Erycina Seniles
 Et levis excussa plaudet amor pharetra.
 Et Juvenes omnes, et me, tua probra juvabunt.
 Lux, precor, & fato sit prior illa meo.*

Lib. 2. E. 3.

Hanc Venus ex alto flentem sublimis Olympo
Spectat, et, infidis quam sit acerba, monet. 90
Haec aliis maledicta cadant; nos, Delia, amoris
Exemplum cana simus uterque coma.

112: *In Age a Pattern.*] This is a most extraordinary
Conclusion. The Original in Broekhusius is,

Exemplum cana scimus uterque coma.

Other

ELEGIA

Nor Venus less exults ! " May such a Fate,
(From Heaven she prays) upon th' Inconstant wait."

The same my Wish ! but O may we two prove, III
In Age, a Pattern of unalter'd Love !

Other Editions read *simus*, which, for obvious Reasons, we have adopted.

Pedo Albinovanus, and Juvenal, use the Word *exemplum* in the same Sense.

ELEGIA OCTAVA.

HUNC cecinere diem Parcae fatalia nentes
 Stamina, non ulli dissolüenda Deo ;
 Hunc fore, Aquitanas posset qui fundere gentes ;
 Quem tremeret forti milite victus Atur.
 Evenere ; novos pubes Romana triumphos
 Vidit, et evinctos brachia capta duces.

5

At

In the following Poem, for it deserves a nobler Appellation than that of Elegy, Tibullus celebrates the Birth-day of his Patron, the virtuous Messala ; upon which Occasion he introduces the Sister Fates as preordaining him to the Conquest of Aquitain. As our Poet attended Corvinus in that important Expedition, he takes an Opportunity of modestly mentioning his own Share of the Service. See the Life.

From celebrating the Reduction of Aquitain, and mentioning Messala's Triumph 'on that Account ; our Poet hints at his Patron's Transactions some Years before, in Cilicia, Syria, and Ægypt. This gives him an Occasion of recounting whatever was most memorable in these Kingdoms ; and as Osiris was the chief God of Ægypt, he enumerates the many Favours, which Osiris was supposed, by the Ægyptian Mythology, to have conferred on Man ; and solemnly invokes his Attendance at the genial Banquet.

The Poem concludes with a Wish, that Messala's Posterity might resemble him in their Actions and Reputation ; and promises him Immortality from the noble public Road which he had lately made at his own Expence.

T H E

E I G H T H E L E G Y.

“ **T** H I S Day, (the Fates foretold in sacred
Song,

And singing drew the vital Twine along)

“ He comes, nor shall the Gods the Doom recal,

“ He comes, whose Sword shall quell the Rebel Gaul.

“ With all her Laurels, him shall Conquest crown, 5

“ And Nations shudder at his awful Frown;

“ Smooth

Verse 1. *This Day.*] The Destinies, at every one's Birth, were supposed irrevocably to determine their after Actions, having in their Possession the Thread of Life. Classic Writers abound in Intimations of this Sort. Catullus, in his beautiful Poem, intitled, *De Nuptiis Pelæi et Thetidis*, introduces the Fates singing the future Glories of Achilles. The *Parce* were three in Number; their Names were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos; Hesiod, in his Theogony, calls them the Daughters of Jupiter and Themis. Clotho held the Distaff, Lachesis spun, and Atropos cut the Thread.

4. *Whose Arm.*] Aquitain was the third Division of old Gaul, and reached from the Garonne to the Pyrenees, and comprehending Guiene, Gascony, &c.

Messala, upon his having reduced to Obedience that extensive

At te victrices lauros, Messala, gerentem

Portabat niveis currus eburnus equis.

Non sine me est tibi partus honos: Tarbella Pyrene

Testis, et Oceani litora Santonici.

10

Testis Arar, Rhodanusque celer, magnusque Garumna,

Carnuti et flavi caerulea lympa Liger.

An te Cydne canam, tacitis qui leniter undis

Caeruleis placidus per vada serpis aquis?

Quantus et aethereo contingens vertice nubes,

15

Frigidus intonso Taurus arat Cilicas?

Quid

tensive and important Province, triumphed A. U. C. 721. in the Seventh Consulship of Augustus, and Third of Agrippa, on the 7th of the Calends of October, when Tibullus was thirty-six Years of Age.

7. *Smooth Atur now.*] This is a noble and poetical Figure. Atur, (now Ador, or L'Ador), is a River of Aquitaine, that runs into the Ocean. Ausonius calls it Aturus, and Ptolomy Aturius.

11. *Long Triumphs.*] Although no Institution contributed more to the greatness of Rome, than the public Honours bestowed on its Conquerors; yet does Humanity disapprove of their Triumphs. Cleopatra destroyed herself, to avoid attending in Chains the triumphal Car of Augustus.

13. *An Ivory Car.*] The triumphal Car was drawn by four white Horses. Propertius (L. 4. El. 1. v. 32.) attributes this Institution to Romulus; but Broekhusius seems rather inclined to believe that Camillus, after having made himself Master of the famous City of Veii, which had held out a ten Years Siege, was the first who invented, and put in Practice this Ceremony. Could any stress be laid on the Authority of Statius, the Custom would appear to be of a much more antient Date. For that Poet de-

scribes

“ Smooth Atur, now that flows through peaceful

“ Lands,

“ Shall fly affrighted at his hostile Bands.”

’Tis done! this Prophecy, Rome joys to see,

Far-fam’d Messala, now fulfill’d in thee: 10

Long Triumphs ravish the Spectators Eyes,

And fetter’d Chieftains of enormous Size:

An Ivory-car, with Steeds as white as Snow,

Sustains thy Grandeur through the pompous Show.

Some little Share, in those Exploits, I bore; 15

Witness Tarbella; and the Saintoigne Shore;

Witness

scribes (L. 12. v. 542.) Theseus triumphing over the Amazons, in a Chariot drawn by white Horses. But however this may be, we know that white Horses were held in the highest Estimation of old, since not only the Kings of Persia used Steeds of that Colour in their Chariots; but the Conquerors, at the sacred Games of Greece, were drawn by white Horses, when they made their public Entries into their several Cities; and Curtius informs us, that the Car, consecrated to Jove, had Horses of that Colour.

The triumphal Car was ornamented with Ivory and Gold; but if the Reader is curious to inform himself of all that can be now known concerning the Vehicles of Antiquity, he may consult Schefferus’s Book on that Subject.

BARCKHUS.

16. *Witness Tarbella.*] This is a Town in Gascony, at present called Tarbe. Charles Stevens says, that it is the *Aqua Tarbella* of Ausonius, and probably the *Aqua Augustæ* of Ptolomy.

16. — *And the Saintoigne Shore.*] A maritime Province of Aquitain.

Quid referam, ut volitet crebras intacta per urbes,

Alba Palaestino sancta columba Syro ?

Utque maris vastum prospectet turribus aequor,

Prima ratem ventis credere docta Tyros ? 20

Qualis et, arentes quum findit Sirius agros,

Fertilis aestiva Nilus abundet aqua ?

Nile pater, quamam possum te dicere caussa,

Aut quibus in terris oculuisse caput ?

Te

17. *Witness the Land, where steals the silent Soane ;*

18. *Where rush the Garonne ; and th' impetuous Rhone ;*

These Rivers are finely contrasted. Every body knows them.

21. *Or shall his other Acts.]* Our Poet having particularised most of the Battles fought by Messala in Aquitain, in which he himself signalised his Courage, makes a Transition to the Exploits performed by the same illustrious General, three Years before in Cilicia, Syria, and Ægypt. This leads him to expatiate on that Wonder of Ægypt, the Nile ; and to invite Osiris, the great God of that Country, to come and celebrate the Birth-day of his Patron. BROEKHUSI

22. *Fair Cydnus.]* A noble River of Cilicia, which Curtius thus describes. *Non spatio aquarum, sed liquore memorabilis ; quippe leni tractu e fontibus labens, puro solo excipitur ; nec torrentes incurrunt, qui placide manantis alveum turbent ; itaque incorruptus, idemque frigidissimus, quippe multa riparum amœnitate inumbratus, ubique fontibus suis similis, in mare evadit.*

Lib. 3. C. 4. So excellent a Geographer is Tibullus ; but he probably was an Eye-witness of what he describes, Vid. his Life.

25. *Taurus, from which.]* So Broekhusius interprets the Word *Arat* in the Original ; *Ducta tralatione*, says he, *a porca, quæ grandioribus glebis latior eminent inter sulcos.*

This is a vast range of Mountains, which reaching semi-circularly

Witness the Land, where steals the silent Soane;
Where rush the Garonne; and th' impetuous Rhone;
Where Loire, enamour'd of Carnutian Bounds,
Leads his blue Water through the yellow Grounds. 20

Or shall His other Acts adorn my Theme;—
Fair Cydnus, stealing with a silent Stream?
Taurus, that in the Clouds his Fore-head hides,
And rich Cilicia from the World divides;
Taurus, from which unnumber'd Rivers spring, 25
The savage Seat of Tempests, shall I sing?

Why

circularly from Sea to Sea, divides Cilicia from Pamphilia, Pisidia, and the other surrounding Kingdoms. Both Cilicia and Taurus are thus accurately described by Xenophon in his Anabasis. *Ενταυθεν δε κατεβανεν εις πεδιον μεγα, καλον ε επιρρυτον και δινδραν παντοδαπων εμπελων και αμπελων δε και σισυαμον και μελισην και κερχρον και πυρους και κριθας, φειν. Ορος δε αυτο περιεχει οχυρον, και υπενηλον παντα εν θαλαττης εις θαλατταν.* Then the Army descended into a spacious Plain, which was beautiful and well watered, producing not only Vines in great plenty, but every other kind of Fruit-trees, and Corn of all sorts. This plain was surrounded from Sea to Sea, by a range of lofty Mountains, of very difficult Access.

When the Persians were Masters of Asia, says the great Baron Montesquieu, they permitted those who conveyed a Spring to any Place, which had not been watered before, to enjoy the Benefit of it for five Generations; and as a Number of Streams flowed from Mount Taurus, they spared no Expence in directing the Course of their Waters, And thus, at this Day, without knowing how they were brought thither, Streams are found in great Numbers in the Fields and Gardens of Cilicia. L'Esp. des Loix.

Te propter nullos tellus tua postulat imbres, 25

Arida nec Pluvio supplicat herba Jovi.

Te canit, atque suum pubes miratur Ofirim

Barbara, Memphitem plangere docta bovem.

Primus aratra manu solerti fecit Ofiris,

Et teneram ferro sollicitavit humum. 30

Primus

28. *Of Syrian Cities.*] Palæstine was a Province of Syria. The Syrians abstained from both Fish and Pidgeons on a religious Account. Hyginus has explained the Reason in his 197th Fable.

Broekhusius advises the Reader, who is studious of Roman Purity, particularly to observe, that in the Original, the Pidgeon has three Epithets bestowed on it, *Exemplo*, says he, *non facile alias reperiundo*.

29. *Why tell of Tyrian Towers.*] Although every Nation may be supposed to have contrived and used Vessels of one kind or another, to pass their great Rivers, &c. yet the Phœnicians were the first who greatly improved the Art of Ship-building, and who made distant Voyages for Commerce. Tyre, in particular, was for a long Time the Mart of the World; and even in the Time of Tibullus, notwithstanding it had been ravaged, and almost destroyed by Alexander, that City had few rivals in Trade. See a truly poetical Description of its Grandeur in one of Dr. Young's Odes.

The Houses in Tyre were built very high, whence Tibullus calls them Towers. This was a Circumstance which had more than once endangered the Destruction of this City by Earthquakes; as Strabo informs us, Lib. 16. The Reason assigned by Broekhusius, why the Tyrians made their Houses so lofty, is, that they might command a distant Prospect of the Sea. But might not also this be done for the sake of more accurately observing the Motions of the heavenly Bodies? especially if, with Mr. Glover, we look upon Astronomy as the Child of Commerce. See Mr. Glover's

Why should I tell, how sacred through the Skies
Of Syrian Cities, the white Pidgeon flies?
Why sing of Tyrian Towers, which Neptune laves;
Whence the first Vessel, venturous, stemm'd the Waves?
How shall the Bard the secret Source explore, 31
Whence, Father Nile, thou draw'st thy watery Store?
Thy

ver's elegant Poem, intituled, London. The Truth, however, I believe, is, that Building on a Rock in a limited Compass, the Tyrians supplied, like us in London, the want of Room, by Multiplication of Stories.

31. *How shall the Bard.*] The annual overflowing of the Nile was a Phenomenon which long puzzled the Naturalists; and a variety of Hypothesis were formed to explain the Causes of it; all of which Diodorus Siculus has judiciously refuted in the End of the First Book of his Universal History, except that of Agathargines the Cnidian, which ascribes the rising of the Nile in Summer, to the Rains that fall in Æthiopia, the Country where the Nile hath its Source.

The Over-flowing and Course of the Nile, is thus explained by Mr. Thomson, in a manner no less poetical than just.

The Treasures * these, hid from the bounded Search
Of Antient Knowledge; whence, with annual Pomp,
Rich King of Floods, o'erflows the swelling Nile!
From his two Springs, in Gojam's sunny Realm,
Pure welling out, he through the lucid Lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his Infant-stream.
There by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful Youth, amid the fragrant Isles
That with unfading Verdure smile around:
Ambitious, thence the manly River breaks,
And gathering many a Flood, and copious fed
With all the mellowed Treasures of the Sky,

* Viz. The Vapours.

Winds

Primus inexpertae commisit femina terrae;
 Pomaque non notis legit ab arboribus.

Hic docuit teneram polis adjungere vitem:

Hic viridem dura caedere falce comam;

III

Winds in progressive Majesty along;
 Through splendid Kingdoms now devolves his Maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary Tracts
 Of life-deserted Sand; till, glad to quit
 The joyless Desert, down the Nubian Rocks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his Urn,
 And Ægypt joys beneath the spreading Wave.

SUMMER,

Norden in his Travels relates the Ceremony at present practised at Grand Cairo, at the opening the great Canal of that City for the Admission of the Waters of the Nile. If the People express their Gratitude by every Instance of licentious Joy, the Government, it would seem from that Traveller, is not profuse upon the Occasion; though indeed Alpinus makes it a very spendid Affair.

De Medecin. Ægyp.

Norden also affirms, that notwithstanding the annual overflowing of the Nile, there is no Country which requires more Culture than the Land of Ægypt. No Rains fall there in Summer. Hence our Poet says,

Arida nec pluvio supplicat verba Jovi.

This Line, Seneca, through Mistake, attributes to Ovid: and indeed, as Broekhusius well observes, Ovid much better suited the false epigrammatic Turn of this Philosopher, than our Poet.

The Greeks honoured Jupiter Pluvius with a particular Devotion. The Friends of Polynices, who had united to restore that Prince to the Throne of Thebes, swore at the Altar of this Deity, that they would effectuate their Purpose,

Thy Fields ne'er importune for Rain the Sky;

Thou dost benignly all their Wants supply:

As Egypt, Apis mourns in mystic Lays,

35

She joins thy Praises to Osiris' Praise.

Osiris

pose, or die in the Attempt: See Pausan. in Corinth; who also informs us, in his Boeotia, that the Worship of this Deity was performed in the open Air. According to Strabo, the Indians also worshiped Jupiter Pluvius, together with the River Ganges, and the *Genii Indigites*. He was also honoured at Rome in a singular manner. It is said too, that in a great Drought, the Romans dragged into their City a certain large Stone, which lay originally near the Temple of Mars, beyond the *Porta Capena*; and as Rain immediately fell, the Stone obtained the Name of the *Saxum manale*, and the Ceremony itself was called *Aqualicium*. See Festus. Was this Stone a natural Hygrometer? Even in our Days, and in Romish Countries, the Catholic Priests, in Times of Drought, seldom venture to lead forth their Saints in Procession, till they have observed the fall of the Mercury.

35. *As Egypt, Apis mourns.*] The best Comment on this and the Twenty-five following Lines, are two Passages, one from the First Book of Diodorus Siculus, and the other from the Thalia of Herodotus. That from Diodorus is as follows. *μετα δε ταυτα* (says that curious and faithful Historian) *τοι Κροσι αρχαι, και γυμαντα τον αδελφον Πριαν, γενεσθαι κατὰ μιν τινος τωι μυθολογωι Οσιριν και Ισιν, &c.* The other from Herodotus has thus been translated. Apis, whom the Greeks called *ιταφος*, was the Calf of a Cow incapable of bearing another, and no otherwise to be impregnated than by Thunder, as the Egyptians affirmed. The Marks that distinguished him from all others were these. His Body was large and black, except one square of White on the Fore-head: He had the Figure of an Eagle on his Back; a double List of Hair on his Tail; and a Scarabæus under his Tongue. *επι δε τη ρινοσση κανδαροι.*

When this strange God manifested himself among the Egyptians,

Illi jucundos primum matura saporēs
 Expressa incultis uva dedit pedibus. 35
 Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu,
 Movit et ad certos nescia membra modos.
 Bacchus et agricolæ magno confecta labore
 Pectora tristitiæ dissoluenda dedit. 40
 Bacchus et afflictiis requiem mortalibus adfert,
 Crura licet dura cuspide inulta sonent.
 Non tibi sunt tristes curæ, nec luctus Osiri:
 Sed chorus, et cantus, et levis aptus Amor:
 Sed varii flores, et frons redimita corymbis: 45
 Fusa sed ad teneros lutea palla pedes:
 Et Tyriæ vestes, et dulcis tibia cantu:
 Et levis occultis conscia cista sacris:
 Huc ades, et centum ludis, Geniumque choreis
 Concelebra, et multo tempora funde mero. 50
 Illius e nitido stillent unguenta capillo;
 Et capite et collo mollia ferta gerat.
 Sic venias hodiernæ; tibi dem turis honores,
 Libaque Mopsopio dulcia melle feram.

At

Ægyptians, they put on their richest Apparel, and feasted splendidly; and when he disappeared, their Mourning was as extreme.

37. *Osiris first contriv'd.*] Virgil and Ovid attribute the Invention of the Plough to Ceres. Mythologists say, she is the same with Isis, the Sister and Wife of Osiris. Triptolemus,

Osiris first contriv'd the crooked Plough,
 And pull'd ripe Apples from the novice Bough;
 He taught the Swains, the Savage-mould to wound,
 And scatter'd Seed-corn in th' unpraclis'd Ground. 40
 He first with Poles sustain'd the reptile Vine,
 And shew'd its Infant tendrils how to twine;
 Its wanton Shoots instructed Man to shear,
 Subdue their Wildness, and mature the Year:
 Then too, the ripen'd Cluster first was trod; 45
 Then in gay Streams its cordial Soul bestow'd;
 This as Swains quaff'd, spontaneous Numbers came,
 They prais'd the festal Cask, and hymn'd thy Name;
 All Ecstasy! to certain Time they bound,
 And beat in measur'd Aukwardness the Ground. 50
 Gay Bowls serene the wrinkled Front of Care;
 Gay Bowls the toil-oppressed Swain repair!
 And let the Slave the laughing Goblet drain;
 He blythsome sings, though Manacles inchain.

Thee Sorrow flies, Osiris, God of Wine! 55
 But Songs, enchanting Love, and Dance are thine:
 But Flowers and Ivy thy fair Head surround,
 And a loose Saffron-mantle sweeps the Ground.

With

lemus, whom Ceres instructed, taught the Natives of
 Greece and Asia, the Art of Husbandry. Those of Antient
 Italy were instructed in it by Saturn; and the Spaniards
 had for their Teacher in Agriculture one Hebades. BROKEN.

At tibi subcreſcat proles, quæ facta parentis 55

Augeat, et circa ſtet venerata ſenem.

Nec taceant monumenta viae, quem Tuſcula tellus,

Candida quem antiquo detinet alba lare.

Namque opibus congeſta tuis hic glarea dura

Sternitur; hic apta jungitur arte filex. 60

Te canet agricola e magna quum venerit Urbe

Serus, inoffenſum retuleritque podem.

At

65. *Rich Unguents drop.*] The God, mentioned in the Text, is Genius, or that Power, who, as the Romans imagined, was the Guardian of a Man, from the Hour of his Birth, to his Death; hence called by the Greeks, *Δαιμων μυσταγωγος βίου*. Theſe Gods the Antients repreſent ſometimes in the Form of a Serpent, ſometimes in that of a Boy, and ſometimes in that of an old Man, crowned with Leaves of Plane-tree. On ſeveral Coins of Trajan and Adrian, Genius holds in his Hand a *Patera*, over an Altar adorned with Flowers; and, from his Left, hangs down a Whip. The Offerings preſented to this Deity, as Dart juſtly obſerves, were, generally, the ſalted Cake (or *Mola*), Flowers, Wine, and Frankincenſe.

76. *Long as (thy bounteous Work)*] Nothing, ſays Mr. Dart very truly, raiſes a higher Idea, among the Moderns, of the antient Roman greatneſs, than their public Ways.

When Auguſtus Cæſar perceived, that the different Roads leading to Rome, were through Neglect become of difficult Paſſage, he took upon himſelf the Reparation of the *Via Flaminia*, as far as *Ariminum*, and enjoined the Senators to mend the other Roads. This happened A. U. C. 727. as Dio Caſſius, in the Fifty-third Book of his Hiſtory informs us. The Way which fell to the Share of Meſſala, was a Branch of the Latin Road, which that excellent Roman either paved a-new, or repaired; for, from the Situation of

With Purple-robcs invested, now you glow ;
 The shrine is shewn, and Flutes melodious blow : 60
 Come then, my God, but come bedew'd with Wine !
 Attend the Rites, and in the Dance combine ;
 The Rites and Dances are to Genius due !
 Benign Osiris, stand confefs'd to view !
 Rich Unguents drop already from his Hair, 65
 His Head and Neck soft flowery Garlands share !
 O come, so shall my grateful Incense rise,
 And Cates of Honey meet thy laughing Eyes !

On thee, Messala ('tis my fervent Prayer)
 May Heaven bestow a wife, a warlike Heir : 70
 In whom, increas'd, paternal Worth may shine,
 Whose Acts may add a Lustre to thy Line, }
 And Transports give thee in thy Life's decline.

But should the Gods my fervent Prayer deny,
 Thy Fame, my glorious Friend, shall never die. 75
 Long as (thy bounteous Work) the well-made Way
 Shall its broad Pavement to the Sun display.

The

of *Tusculum* and *Alba*, it could not be the *Via Valeria*, as
 Pighius conjectured. See Bergerius, L. 2. on the Roman
 Military-ways. BROOKHUS.

Messala's Road must have been esteemed a strong and
 durable,

At tu, natalis, multos celebrande per annos,
Candidior semper, candidiorque veni.

durable Work, since Martial, to represent that Perpetuity of Fame, to which as a Poet he thought himself intitled, alludes to it in these Words.

Et cum rupta sit Messala saxa jacebunt.

B. 3. E. 3.

ELEGIA

The Bards of Alba shall in lofty Rhyme,
 Transmit thy Glory down the Tide of Time:
 They sing from Gratitude : nor less the Clown 80
 Whom Love or Business have detain'd in Town
 Till late, as home he safely plods along,
 Thee chants, Messala, in his Village-song.

Blest Morn, which still my grateful Muse shall sing,
 Oft rise, and with you greater Blessings bring. 85

G

THE

ELEGIA NONA.

NON ego celari possim, quid nutus amantis,
Quidve ferant miti lenia verba sono.

Nec mihi sunt fortes, nec conscia fibra Deorum :

Praecinit eventus nec mihi cantus avis.

Ipsa Venus magico religatum brachia nodo

5

Perdocuit multis non sine verberibus.

Define

Marathus, one of the Poet's Friends, had lately become enamoured of Pholoe; but as that Youth had formerly affected an Aversion to Love, he now wanted to conceal his Passion. This, Tibullus tells him, was to no Purpose; as he knew from his own Experience, all the Symptoms of an Infant-desire: among which he chiefly particularises a sudden Attention to Dress. Tibullus informs his Friend, that so extraordinary an Application to Finery was neither required in him, who was a fine Figure, nor agreeable to Pholoe, who appears to have been a Woman of Sense; and asks him, How he expected that Foppishness should make any Impression on the Heart of one who despised every thing else but an elegant Simplicity in Apparel? The Poet next enquires, By what Spells he inlisted himself under the Banner of Love? But immediately resolves the Question himself, by emphatically calling Beauty the most powerful of Enchantments.

From some Parts of the Poem, it would seem that Pholoe had not always been so insensible to the Merits of Marathus. This Change of Behaviour makes the Poet warmly expostulate

late

T H E

N I N T H E L E G Y.

IN vain would Lovers hide their Infant-smart,
 From me a Master in the amorous Art;
 I read their Passion in their Mein and Eyes,
 O'er-hear their Whispers, and explain their Sighs.
 This Skill no Delphian Oracles bestow'd, 5
 No Augurs taught me, and no Victims shew'd;
But

late with her for his young Friend, whom he introduces pathetically, lamenting the Rigour of his Destiny. The Poem concludes with a Prediction, that unless Pholoe altered her Conduct, Heaven would undoubtedly punish her.

The Commentators suppose that this is the Pholoe mentioned by Horace, in his beautiful Ode addressed to Tibullus; and indeed it must be confessed, that these Gentlemen have not always so good a Foundation for their Conjectures. They also take it for granted, that the Cyrus spoken of in the same Poem, was our Marathus, whom they represent as a Foreigner, and formerly a Slave. Their Arguments, however, in Defence of this last Supposition, are too trifling for Confutation.

Verse 6. *No Augurs taught me.*] The Poet here mentions three sorts of Divination; the Oracular, that of inspecting
the

Define dissimulare ; Deus crudelius urit,

Quos videt invitos succubuisse sibi.

Quid tibi nunc molles prodest coluisse capillos ?

Saepeque mutatas disposuisse comas ?

10

Quid succo splendente genas onerasse ? quid unguis

Artificis docta subsecuisse manu ?

Frustra

the Bowels of Animals, and that called Augury. This last, which consisted in deducing Events from the Manner in which Birds fed, and from their Flight or Screaming, was so particularly regarded by the Romans, that few Enterprises of Consequence were begun, without the previous Sanction of the holy Chickens ; and as these were under the Management of the Officers of State, and Leaders of the Army, they were employed generally to the Purposes of Policy. This Kind of Divination was not peculiar to the Romans ; for we find from the Iliad, that their supposed Ancestors, the Trojans, believed also in Augury. Hector indeed seems to place no Confidence in the Flight, &c. of Birds ; and as Homer every where represents him as a Man of an excellent Head and Heart, we may readily suppose, that the old Bard himself was of the same way of thinking.

7. *But Love my Wrists.*] None but those who have felt Love, can be proper Judges of that Passion. Reading indeed may give some imperfect Ideas of it ; but Experience is the only certain Teacher. This is what Tibullus means by the Magic Fillets. Salmasius therefore is mistaken in making the *magicus nodus*, of the Text, signify Knots, such as are mentioned in the Notes upon the Fifth Elegy.

10. *Else vengeful Venus.*] There is a Sentiment, as Vulpius justly observes, similar to this in Euripides.

Κυπρις γὰρ οὐ φριχτὸς ἢ πολλὰ ρυή
ἢ τὸν μὲν εἰκοῖθ' ἡσυχῇ μετάρχεται
ὅν δ' αὖν περισσὰ ἢ φροῦνθ' εὖρη μέγα
τοῦτον λαβούσα πῶς δεκτὴς καλῶμεν.

In. Hippolit.

But Love my Wrists with Magic Fillets bound,
Lash'd me, and lashing, mutter'd many a Sound.
No more then, Marathus, Indifference feign,
Else vengeful Venus will inhance your Pain! 10

What now, sweet Youth, avails your anxious Care,
So oft to essence, oft to change your Hair?
What tho' Cosmetics all their Aid supply?
And every Artifice of Dress you try?
She's not oblig'd to Bredes, to Gems, to Cloaths, 15
Her Charms to Nature Phoebe only owes.

What

13. *What tho' Cosmetics.*] The Original may be thus literally interpreted. Oh! what avails it now that you surcharged your Cheeks with Juices to make them smooth and ruddy? and what, that you have your Nails paired by the learned Hand of an expert Artist? In vain you vary the Parts of your Dress, and in vain you confine your compressed Foot within so neat a Sandal.

The *succus splendens* of the Text, if Broekhusius justly interprets it, was not an over-delicate Preparation; for, according to him, it was *crassius sputum ex madido pane, quo illinebantur genae*. Some Editions of Merit read, *fuco splendenti*.

Well-paired Nails were regarded by the Romans as so essential to a genteel Appearance, that Horace, to shock us at the Witch Canidia, introduces her with unpaired Nails; and yet we find that Mecænas was sometimes out of Humour with this Bard himself, for the same Neglect.

Præve sectum stomachicis ob unguem.

From the Text, the Learned conjecture, that none but the poorer sort of People paired their own Nails, the rich having theirs cut by the Barber; yet Mr. Dacier, upon the following Lines of Horace,

Frustra jam vestes, frustra mutantur amictus,

Ansaque compressos colligit arta pedes.

Ipsa placet, quamvis inculto venerit ore,

15

Nec nitidum tarda comserit arte caput.

Num

*Conspexit, ut aiunt,
Adrasum quemdam, vacua tonsoris in umbra,
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.—*

remarks, that the Roman Ladies had their Nails paired by their Waiting-maids; in proof which he cites this Passage of our Poet,

Quid succo &c.

Which he thus interprets.

Pourquoy peindre vos cheveux ? Pourquoy vous faire couper les ongles par une femme adroite ? and confirms this Interpretation by adding, *Porcia s'estant coupé un jour, en se faisant les Ongles, Brutus la gronda d'avoir fait l'office de sa femme de Chambre.* But all that is here advanced, (as Broekhusius remarks) is a Blunder. For, in the first place, the French Critic unaccountably metamorphoses Marathus into a Lady; again, Porcia used a Barber's pairing Knife, as Plutarch assures us; and, lastly, Valerius Maximus thus relates the Story of Porcia's wounding herself. *Quæ cum Bruti viri sui consilium, quod de interficiendo Cæsare, ceperit ea nocte, qua dies terribilissimi facti secuta est, cognovisset, &c.* When Porcia was let into the Secret by Brutus her Husband, of his Intention to assassinate Cæsar the next Day, she, as soon as Brutus left the Room, called for a Barber's Knife, as if she meant to pair her Nails; which being brought her, she let it fall as though by chance, and wounded her Thigh. Brutus being brought back into her Chamber, by the Screams of her Maids, mildly rebuked her for endeavouring to perform the Barber's Office. But she whispered him, I wounded myself on Purpose, as a Trial of my Love for you; for should your

Enterprize

What Spells devote you ? say, what Philtres bind ?
 What Mid-night Sorcerers fascinates your Mind ?
 Spells can seduce the Corn from neighbouring Plains !
 The head-long Serpent halts at Magic Strains ! 20
 And did not Cymbals stop thy prone Career,
 A Spell thee Luna from thy Orb would tear !

Why

Enterprize fail, I wanted to know with what *Æquanimité*
 I could kill myself. Lib. 3.

The last Line,

Ansaque compressos, &c.

Signifies the extreme Care Marathus took in making the Sandal fit neat on his Foot, by tightening the Straps tied to the *Anse* or Thongs, which came up on every Side of the Foot, and were fastened over the Instep.

18. *What Midnight Sorcerers.*] Many Editions read *pal-lentibus*, and it is certain, that that Epithet is classical. But we shall not enter into the Merits of the two Claimants, O and A ; but refer those who are fond of such Altercation, to the Dutch Commentator.

Although almost every Poet of Antiquity has left us his Testimony, as to the Efficacy of Spells in producing Love, it must not, however, be imagined, that they believed it in reality. For how should Spells excite that Harmony,

Attuning all their Passions into Love :
 Where Friendship full exerts her softest Power,
 Perfect Esteem enliven'd by Desire
 Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul,
 Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will
 With boundless Confidence.

Which Thomson makes the Essence of Love to consist in. But though Spells cannot excite Love, yet Philtres, by stimulating, may raise Desire.

21. *And did not Cymbals.*] When the Moon was eclipsed,
 the

Num te carminibus, num te pollentibus herbis

Devovit tacito tempore noctis anus ?

Cantus vicinis fruges traducit ab agris :

Cantus et iratae detinet anguis iter.

20

Cantus et e curru Lunam deducere tentat ;

Et faceret, si non aera repulsa sonent.

Quid queror heu misero carmen nocuisse ? quid herbas ?

Forma nihil magicis utitur auxiliis.

Sed corpus tetigisse nocet, sed longa dedisse

25

Oscula, sed femori conseruisse femur.

Nec tu difficilis puero tamen esse memento :

Persequitur poenis tristitia facta Venus.

Munera ne poscas : det munera canus amator,

Ut foveas molli frigida membra sinu.

30

Carior

the Antients imagined that she struggled with Witchcraft ; and therefore to relieve her, struck upon Instruments of Brass and other sonorous Bodies, thinking that Sounds would accomplish her Deliverance. In Allusion to this Custom, Ovid thus speaks of the Blushes of Hermaphroditus,

*Hic color, aprica pendentibus arbore pomis,
Aut ebori tincto est ; aut sub candore rubenti,
Cum frustra resonant æra auxiliariæ, lunæ.*

Met. Lib. 6.

A red like this, the ripening Apple shews ;
So with Vermilion died, fair Ivory glows :
Blushes, like these, do struggling Cynthia stain ;
When aiding Brass, and Cymbals, ring in vain.

ADDISON.

And

Why do I Magic for your Passion blame,
 Magic is useless to a perfect Frame ! 24
 You squeez'd her Hands, your Arms around her threw,
 Join'd Lip to Lip, and hence your Passion grew.

Cease then, fair Maid, to give your Lover Pain ;
 Love hates the Haughty, will avenge the Swain.
 See Youth vermilions o'er his modest Face !
 Can Riches equal such a Boy's Embrace ? 30
 Then ask no Bribe—when Age affects the Gay,
 Your every Smile let hoary Dotage pay ;
 But you your Arms around the Stripling throw,
 And scorn the Treasure Monarchs can bestow.
 But she who gives to Age, her Charms, for pay, 35
 May her wealth perish, and her Bloom decay.
 Then when Impatience thrills in every Vein,
 May Manhood shun her, and the Young disdain.

Alas !

And Juvenal, satyrically describing a Scold, says, that there was now no need of a shrill Noise of Instruments, to relieve the Labours of the Moon ; the Tongue of this Woman being sufficiently qualified to produce such an Effect.

DART,

Travellers inform us, that this Superstition is still practised in several Parts of the East, &c.

31. — *When Age affects the Gay.*] These Lines are not only extremely indelicate, but give us a displeasing Picture of Pholoe's Venality.

Carior est auro juvenis, cui levia fulgent

Ora, nec amplexus aspera barba terit.

Huic tu candentes humero suppone lacertos;

Et regum magnae despiciantur opes.

At Venus inveniet puero succumbere furtim, 35

Dum tumet, et teneros conserit usque finus:

Et dare anhelanti pugnantibus uvida linguis

Oscula, et in collo figere dente notas.

Non lapis hanc, gemmaeque juvent, quae frigore sola

Dormiat, et nulli sit cupienda viro. 40

Heu sero revocatur Amor, seroque juvenas,

Quum vetus infecit cana senectæ caput.

Tum studium formae: coma tum mutatur, ut annos

Diffimulet viridi cortice tineta nucis.

Tollere tunc albos cura est a stirpe capillos, 45

Et faciem demta pelle referre novam.

Et

39. *Alas! when Age.*] When the Fair Sex found their Estimation upon Beauty only, without aiming at any mental Accomplishment, it is no Wonder, in that Case, that they dread old Age, and endeavour, by Artifices, to repair the Decays of Nature. Every Stage of Life has its proper Bents and Passions. A rational Attachment to Love and Pleasure, is ornamental in Youth, allowable in more advanced Life, but preposterous in Age. What Character is more ridiculous than that of a Coquette of Sixty? But, say the Fair, can Life be agreeable, when the Power to raise Love is gone? Are then the matronly Virtues of no Consideration? Are Friendship and Esteem, which can be enjoyed in full Vigour even in the latest Period of Life, of no Avail? Mental Perfection is the Root from whence must spring

Alas! when Age has silver'd o'er the Head,
 And Youth that feeds the Lamp of Love is fled, 40
 In vain the Toilette charms; 'tis vain to try,
 Grey scanty Locks with yellow Nuts to die;
 You strip the Tell-tales vainly from their Place;
 And vainly strive to mend an aged Face.

Then in thine Eyes while Youth triumphant glows,
 And with his Flowers thy Cheeks my Fair-one sows, 46
 Incline thine Heart to Love, and gentle Play,
 Youth, Youth has rapid Wings, and flies away!
 The fond old Lover vilify, disdain;
 What Praise can crown you from a Stripling's Pain?
 Spare then the lovely Boy; his Beauties die; 51
 By no dire Sickness sent him from the Sky:
 The Gods are just; you, Pholoe, are to blame;
 His fallow Colour from your Coyness came.

Oh,

spring all the Doceurs of old Age; and mental Perfection
 must be planted in Youth early, if it is ever meant to shoot
 up to Maturity.

41. ——— 'Tis vain to try,
 Grey scanty Locks with yellow Nuts to die.

Meursius and Duport are of Opinion, that black is the
 Die which Tibullus mentions in the Text; but Broekhusius,
 and especially Arntzenius, prove, that Walnut died the
 Hair yellow; which, as has been observed before, is the
 classical Colour. Vid. Dissert. de Col. Com. p. 114.

52. By no dire Sickness.] *Sontica causa* here, is the same
 as *morbus fonticus*; which signifies any great Disorder, such

At tu dum primi floret tibi temporis ætas,
 Utere ; non tardo labitur illa pede.
 Neu Marathum torque ; puero quæ gloria victo ?
 In veteres esto dura, puella, senes. 50
 Parce precor tenero ; non illi fontica causâ est ;
 Sed nimius luto corpora tangit amor,
 Vel miser absenti moestas quam sæpe querelas
 Conjicit, et lacrimis omnia plena madent.
 Quid me spernit ? ait ; poterat custodia vinci : 55
 Ipse dedit cupidis fallere posse Deus.
 Nota Venus furtiva mihi est ; ut lenis agatur
 Spiritus, ut nec dent oscula rapta sonum.
 Et possim media quamvis obrepere nocte,
 Et strepitu nullo clam referare fores. 60

Quid

as the Gods were supposed to inflict on the Wicked ; and hence the Greeks called it *ispos* ; and because it prevented the unhappy Sufferer from attending on Business, they also gave it the Epithet of *αλθους*.

Vulpinus justly observes, that our Author is not the only one, who uses *causa* for a Disease ; for it is applied by Gratian, no contemptible Poet of the Augustan Age, to signify the same thing in the following Line.

Causasque affectusque canum tua cura tueri est.

Hence those Soldiers, who by Infirmary were disabled from campaigning, were called *causarii milites*, and their Dismission *causaria missio*.

When the Superstitious, among the Athenians, saw a mad or epileptic Person, they shuddering, spit into their Bosom to avert the Mischief. And indeed, while those Disorders were reputed Judgments of Heaven upon the Per-

sons

Oh, wretched Youth! how oft, when absent you, 55
 Groans rend his Breast, and Tears his Cheeks bedew?
 " Why dost thou rack me with Contempt? he cries,
 " The willing ever can elude their Spies.
 " Had you, O had you felt what now I feel,
 " Venus would teach you from your Spies to steal. 60
 " I can breathe low; can snatch the melting Kifs,
 " And noiseless ravish Loves enchanting Blifs;
 " At Mid-night can securely grope my Way;
 " The Floor tread noiseless, noiseless turn the Key.
 " Poor fruitless Skill! my Skill if she despise, 65
 " And cruel from the Bed of Rapture flies.
 " Or if a Promise haply I obtain,
 " That she will recompence at Night my Pain;
 " How am I dup'd? I wakeful listen round,
 " And think I hear her in each casual Sound. 70
 " Perish

sons affected, no wonder the poor Sufferers were hated and
 shunned; but a sounder Philosopher has taught us that
 such Objects always deserve our Pity, and have a Right
 to all the Relief human Skill can procure them.

70. *And think I hear her.*] J. Secundus has finely imi-
 tated this Thought.

*Dumque ego blanditiasque tuas, et roscida menti
 Oscula praecepit multiplicibus viceis,
 Dum vacuum falsis complexibus aera capto,
 Dum mea in absenteis porrigo colla manus,
 Et quem cumque movet strepitum levis aura per aedes
 Dilectos dominae suspicor esse pedes,*

El. 2, B. 31

But

Quid profunt artes, miserum si spernit amantem,
 Et fugit ex ipso saeva puella toro?
 Dum mihi venturam fingo, quodcumque movetur, 65
 Illius credo tunc sonuisse pedem.
 Ah pereant artes, et mollia jura colendi!
 Horrida villosa corpora veste tegam.
 Nunc, si clausa mea est, si copia nulla videndi;
 Heu miserum, in laxa quid juvat esse toga? 70
 Desistas lacrimare, puer; non frangitur illa:
 Et tua jam fletu lumina fessa tument.
 Oderunt, Pholoe, moneo, fastidia Divi:
 Nec prodest sanctis tura dedisse focis.
 Hic Marathus quondam miseros ludebat amantes, 75
 Nescius ultorem post caput esse Deum.
 Saepe etiam lacrimas fertur risisse dolentis,
 Et cupidum ficta detinuisse mora.

Nunc

But Broekhusius very justly prefers a Description of the same kind in the Seventh Canto of the Orlando Furioso, (Stanz. 24. and 25.).

72. *In russet Weeds.*] Mattaire and others have injudiciously inserted the Original of this Line, and the two following ones, at the End of the Third Elegy of the Second Book.

When that Part of the Roman Gown, which was commonly tucked under the right Arm, and secured by the Umbo on the left Shoulder, was allowed to flow about the Wearer; the Toga was then said to be Laxa. This the Romans reputed a Sign of Effeminacy. Hence it is not surprising that Mecænas dressed in this manner; but that Julius Cæsar should do so, is more unaccountable. And altho' many Instances occur in a neighbouring Kingdom, sufficient

“ Perish the Wiles of Love, and Arts of Drefs !
 “ In ruflet Weeds I’ll throwd my Wretchednefs.
 “ The Wiles of Love, and Arts of Drefs are vain,
 “ My Fair to foften, and Admittance gain.”

Youth, weep no more ; your Eyes are fwoln with
 Tears ; 75

No more complain ; for O ! ſhe ſtops her Ears.
 The Gods, I warn you, hate the haughty Fair,
 Rejeft their Incenſe, and deny their Prayer.
 This Youth, this Marathus, who wears your Chains,
 Late laugh’d at Love, and ridicul’d its Pains ! 80
 Th’ impatient Lover in the Street would ſtay !
 Nor dreamt that Vengeance would his Crimes repay.
 Now, now he moans his paſt Miſdeeds with Tears,
 A Prey to Love, and all its frantic Fears :
 Now he exclaims at Female-ſcorn and Hate ; 85
 And from his Soul abhors a bolted Gate !

Like Vengeance waits you ; truſt th’ unerring Muſe,
 If ſtill you’re coy, and ſtill Acceſs reſuſe !

8

Then

ent to convince us, that the Fop and the brave Soldier, are
 not wholly incompatible ; *Vae tamen iſtis !*

88. *If ſtill you’re coy.*] All the antient Editions read,

Ni deſinis eſſe ſuperba.

Although

Nunc omnes odit fastus, nunc displicet illi //

Quaecumque adposita est janua dura sera, 80

At te poena manet, ni definis esse superba.

Quam cupies votis hunc revocare diem !

Although this may appear odd, says Broekhusius, to those who have Ears like King Midas, it is, nevertheless, the genuine Reading.

The following Quotation from Ariosto is remarkable.

*Penò Rinaldo alquanto, e poi rispose :
Una donzella dunque de morire
Perche lascios fogar ne l'amorose
Sue Braccia al suo amator tanto desirè !
Sia maledetta chi tal legge pose
E maledetto chi la puo patire.
Debitamente muore una crudele
Non chi da vita al suo amator fedele.*

Cant. 4. St. 63.

After

ELEGIA

Then how you'll wish, when old, condemn'd of all,
But vainly wish, these Moments to recall ! 90

After all, if Pholoe could find no love-worthy Qualities in Marathus, it was ungenerous in our Poet to insult her with such a Prognostic. Love is the Child of Obsequiousness, and not the Offspring of Menace ; accordingly the fair Ægyptian (in Prior) says, if not poetically, at least truly,

Soft Love, spontaneous Tree, its parted Root
Must from two Hearts with equal Vigour shoot ;
Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleasing Ecstasy, which each receives.
Cherish'd with Hope, and fed with Joy, it grows ; }
Its chearful Buds their opening Bloom disclose ; }
And round the happy Soil diffusive Odour flows, }
If angry Fate that mutual Care denies, }
The fading Plant bewails its due Supplies ; }
Wild with Despair, or sick with Grief, it dies.
Solomon, Book 2.

ELEGIA DECIMA.

QUID mihi, si fueras miseros laesurus amores,
Foedera per Divos clam violanda dabas?

Ah miser, etsi quis primo perjuria celat,

Sera tamen tacitis Poena venit pedibus.

Parcite, Coelestes : aequum est inpune licere, 5

Numina formosis laedere vestra semel.

Lucra

The Translator has been obliged to use, pretty much the same freedom with this Elegy, as he used with the Fourth. Had the other Elegies of Tibullus been like these two, he had never taken the Trouble of translating them. But, as both, in this Version, are new-modelled, it is hoped that neither of them can shock the most delicate Chastity.

Verse 3. *Wretch tho' at first.*] Although the Justness of these moral Reflections is not always discoverable on this Side the Grave, we have all Reason to think that the Perjured will meet with a deserved Punishment in another State. Horace makes a Remark, no less just than moral.

*Raro antecedentem sce'clum
Deseruit poena pede claudo.*

When Jove in anger strikes the Blow,
Oft with the Bad, the Righteous bleed,
Yet with sure Steps, though lame and slow,
Vengeance o'ertakes the trembling Villain's Speed.

Ariosto,

T H E
T E N T H E L E G Y .

W H Y did you swear by all the Powers above?
Yet never meant to crown my longing Love.
Wretch, tho' at first the perjurd Deed you hide,
Wrath comes with certain, tho' with tardy Stride;
Yet, yet, offended Gods, my Charmer spare! 5
Yet pardon the first Fault of one so fair!

For Gold the careful Farmer ploughs the Plain,
And joins his Oxen to the cumbrous Wane;

For

Ariosto, according to Broekhusius, had this Passage of
Tibullus in his Eye, in the Beginning of the Sixth Canto.

*Miser cbi mal oprando si confida
Cb' ogn' bor star debbia il maleficio occulto.*

Sentences of this Sort are to be met with in every Author;
but are we thence to conclude, that they imitated one ano-
ther? Such Observations shoot up in the Common of Na-
ture, and are to be plucked by every Passenger.

Lucra petens habili tauros adjungit aratro,

Et durum terræ rusticus urget opus :

Lucra petituras freta per parentia ventis

Ducunt instabiles sidera certa rates.

10

Muneribus meus est captus puer ; at Deus illa

In cinerem et liquidas munera vertat aquas.

Jam mihi persolvēt poenas, pulvisque decorem

Detrahet, et ventis horrida facta coma.

Uretur facies, urentur sole capilli :

15

Deteret invalidos et via longa pedes.

Admonui quoties, auro ne pollue formam.

Saepe solent auro multa subesse mala.

Divitiis captus si quis violavit Amorem ;

Asperaque est illi, difficilisque Venus.

20

Ure meum potius flamma caput, et pete ferro

Corpus, et intorto verberare terga secā.

Nec tibi celandi spes sit peccare paranti.

Est Deus, occultos qui vetat esse dolos.

Ipsē Deus tacito permittit vela ministro,

25

Ederet ut multo libera verba mero.

Ipse

13. *Soon shall you suffer greatly.*] The Original, *Persolvo*, is a very emphatical Verb, it importing a Discharge of the whole Debt, without the smallest Diminution.

ΒΡΟΧΗΝΥΣ.

15. *Your Hair shall change.*] The delicate among the Antients, who had fine Hair, were at great Pains to prevent it from becoming red (*rufus*) ; an Effect which they imagined the Heat of the Sun might occasion. Vid. Dissert. de Color. Com. C. 3. P. 57.

For Gold, thro' Seas that stormy Winds obey,
By Stars, the Sailor steers his watery Way. 10
Yet, gracious Gods, this Gold from Man remove,
That wicked Metal brib'd the Fair I love.

Soon shall you suffer greatly for your Crime,
A weary Wanderer in a foreign Clime;
Your Hair shall change, and boasted Bloom decay, 15
By wintry Tempests, and the solar Ray.

" Beware of Gold, how oft did I advise?
" From tempting Gold what mighty Mischiefs rise?
" Love's generous Power, I said, with ten-fold Pain
" The Wretch will rack, who sells her Charms for
" Gain. 20
" Let Torture all her Cruelties exert,
" Torture is Pastime to a venal Heart.
" Nor idly dream your Gallantries to hide,
" The Gods are ever on the Sufferer's Side.

With

23. *Nor idly Dream.*] Almost all the old Editions read,

Nec tibi celanti fas sit peccare paranti.

To find out the Meaning of which, long exercised the Ingenuity of the Learned; and no wonder, for if it is not Nonsense, it is something very like it. At last, however, Scaliger restored the Text; which, though supported by MSS. Authority, has been censured by some malevolent Critics, as an Intrusion of his own, BROOKHUS.

Ipse Deus somno domitos emittere vocem
 Jussit, et invitos facta tegenda loqui.
 Haec ego dicebam : nunc me flevisse loquentem,
 Nunc pudet ad teneros procubuisse pedes. 30
 Tunc mihi jurabas, nullo te divitis auri
 Pondere, non gemmis vendere velle fidem :
 Non tibi si præcium Campania terra daretur,
 Non tibi si Bacchi cura Falernus ager.
 Illis eriperes verbis mihi, sidera coelo 35
 Lucere, et puras fluminis ire vias.
 Quin etiam flebas : at non ego fallere doctus,
 Tergebam humentes credulus usque genas.
 Quid

26. *You'll blab the Secret.*] In the Original,

*Ipse Deus tacito permisit vela ministro
 Ederet ut multa libera verba mero.*

For this Reading we are also indebted to Scaliger ; yet the Passage is far from being void of Obscurity. Accordingly, the Commentators, since his Time, have all of them differed in their Explanations of it. And although none of their Expositions are satisfactory, yet that of Broekhusius is the least liable to Objections. He says, that the *Tacitus Dei minister*, is the deceitful Wine, by the Vapours of which, Drunkenness creeping on, obscures the Mind, as with a Veil ; *tanquam velo quodam, aciem mentis obnubit subrepens sensim ebrietas*. This, it must be owned, conveys some Meaning ; yet the Idea conveyed by it, appears to be farther fetched than those of Tibullus commonly are. Something like this is retained in the Version.

31. *Not all Campania shall.*] Campania was so called from its being a champaigne (*campestris*) Country. It belongs

" With Sleep or Wine o'ercome, so Fate ordains, 25
 " You'll blab the Secret of your impious Gains."

Thus oft I warn'd you ; this augments my Shame ;
 My Sighs, Tears, Homage, henceforth I disclaim.

" No Wealth shall bribe my Constancy, you swore,
 " Be mine the Bard, you figh'd, I crave no more : 30
 " Not all Campania shall my Heart intice,
 " For thee Campania's Autumns I despise.
 " Let Bacchus in Falernian Vineyards stray,
 " Not Bacchus' Vineyards shall my Faith betray."

Such strong Professions, in so soft a Strain, 35
 Might well deceive a captivated Swain ;
 Such strong Professions might Averfion charm,
 Slow Doubt determine, and Indifference warm.

Nay

longs to the Kingdom of Naples, and lies South of Abruz-
 zo. It was formerly so fertile, that Pliny and Florus ele-
 gantly call it, *Liberi Ceresisque certamen*. Its present Name
 is *Terra de Lavoro*. It is still beautiful, though it has lost
 much of its classic Amenity.

34. *Not Bacchus' Vineyards.*] Falernus was one of the
 most fruitful Districts in Campania. Its Wines were the
 most celebrated of any in Italy ; Dart alleges, that it re-
 ceived its Name from one Falernus, a Husband-man, who,
 it seems, first cultivated the Vine there. It was antiently
 called *Amineum* ; and hence the Epithet *Aminæ* was ap-
 plied to Wines of that Country ; and not as Servius ima-
 gines, because there was no Minium in them.

35. *Such strong Professions.*] Tho' the Images in the Original,

Quid faceres, nisi et ipse fores in amore puellae?

Sit precor exemplo sit levis illa tuo.

40

O quoties, verbis ne quisquam conscius esset,

Ipse comes multa lumina nocte tuli.

Saepe insperanti venit tibi munere nostro,

Et latuit clausas post adoperta fores.

Tum miser interii stulte confusus amari,

45

Non poteram ad laqueos cautior esse tuos.

Quin etiam attonita laudes tibi mente canebam:

At me nunc nostri, Pieridumque pudet.

Illa velim rapida volcanus carmina flamma

Torreat, et liquida deleat amnis aqua.

50

Sit

nal, are natural and obvious, yet as they are not appropriated to amorous Compositions, the Translator has ventured to insert others, which to him appeared, to have a better Title to the Place.

Donc erunt ignes arcusque, cupidinis arma,

of Ovid, would have been more adapted to the Subject, from whence the Images ought ever to spring; and indeed no Poet of Antiquity has more exactly observed this Rule than Ovid hath done, in the Elegy from which the above Line is taken, and in this View cannot be too carefully perused. Pastoral Poets frequently err, and even Virgil himself is not entirely blameless in this Particular. Mr. Pope in this, and in most other Cases, where Correctness of Judgment is requisite, has been surpassed by none. How excellent, for Instance, are these Lines in his Rape of the Lock!

This Day black Omens threat the brightest Fair,

That ere deserv'd a watchful Spirit's Care;

Some dire Disaster, or by force or flight:

But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in Night.

Whether

Nay more, you wept, unpractis'd to betray,
I kiss'd your Cheeks, and wip'd the Tears away. 40

But if I tempting Gold unjustly blame,
And you have left me for another Flame;
May he, like you, seem kind, like you deceive,
And O may you, like cheated me, believe.

Oft I by Night the Torch myself would bear, 45
That none our tender Converse might o'er-hear;
When least expected, oft some Youth I led,
A Youth all Beauty, to the genial Bed,
And tutor'd him your Conquest to complete,
By soft Enticements, and a fond Deceit. 50

By these I foolish hop'd to gain your Love!
Who than Tibullus could more cautious prove?
Fir'd with uncommon Powers I swept the Lyre,
And sent you melting Strains of soft Desire:

The

Whether the Nymph shall break Diana's Law,
Or some frail China Jar receive a Flaw;
Or stain her Honour, or her new Brocade,
Forget her Prayers, or miss a Masquerade;
Or lose her Heart, or Necklace at a Ball,
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall.

Cant. 2.

49. *And tutor'd him your Conquest.*] This Elegy abounds
in difficult Passages; nor is the Original of this Passage the
Vol. I. H least

Sit procul a nobis, formam cui vendere cura est,

Et precium plena grande referre manu.

At te, qui puerum donis corrumpere es ausus,

Rideat assiduis uxor inulta dolis.

Et quum furtivo juvenem lassaverit usu,

55

Tecum interposita languida veste cubet.

Semper sint externa tuo vestigia lecto,

Et pateat cupidis semper aperta domus.

Nec lasciva soror dicatur plura bibisse

Pocula, nec plures emeruisse viros.

60

Illam sæpe ferunt convivia ducere Baccho,

Dum rota Luciferi provocet orta diem.

Illa nulla queat melius consumere noctem,

Aut operum varias disposuisse vices.

At

least obscure: should therefore the Translator err here, the critical Reader will the more easily pardon him. He had, however, in his Eye, the following elegant Lines of Horace.

*Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
Pignusque receptum lacertis,
Aut digito male pertinaci.*

The Laugh which from the Corner flies,
To tell you where the Fair one lies;
A Ring or Bracelet snatch'd away,
The sportive Pledge of future Joy;
When she with amorous dear Delay,
Shall struggling yield the willing Toy.

After all, the Sentiment, as it appears in Tibullus, can boast of no Delicacy.

The Thought o'er spreads my Face with conscious
Shame, 55

Doom, doom them Victims to the Seas or Flame.

No Verse be their's, who Love's soft Fires profane,
And sell inestimable Joys for Gain.

But you who first the lovely Maid decoy'd,
By each Adulterer be your Wife enjoy'd. 60

And when each Youth has rifled all her Charms,
May Bed-gowns guard her from your loathed Arms!

May she, O may she like your Sister prove,
As fam'd for drinking, far more fam'd for Love!

'Tis true, the Bottle is her chief Delight, 65

She knows no better Way to pass the Night;

Your Wife more knowing can the Night improve,

To Joys of Bacchus joins the Joys of Love.

Think'st thou for thee, the Toilette is her Care?

For thee, that Fillets bind her well-dress'd Hair? 70

For

62. *May Bed-gowns guard her.*] From this Wish, and some others in Tibullus, many Critics have conjectured, that our Poet's Talent was no less suited to the Satyric, than to the Elegiac Muse. The Translator, however, would have been better pleased, had his Author given no Proofs of Genius, in that disagreeable Species of Writing. He has therefore been less solicitous in rendering the full Force of the Original.

63. *May she, O may she like your Sister prove,
As fam'd for drinking, &c.*

The Romans entertained so great an Abhorrence of Drunkenness in a Woman, that the Laws of the Twelve Tables permitted the Husband to punish his Wife with Death, if found guilty of that Crime.

At tua perdidicit; nec tu stultissime sentis, 65
 Quum tibi non solita corpus ab arte movet.
 Tunc putas illam pro te disponere crines,
 Et tennes denso pestere dente comas?
 Ista haec persuadet facies? auroque lacertos
 Vinciat, et Tyrio prodeat apta sinu? 70
 Non tibi, sed juveni cuidam vult bella videri:
 Devoveat pro quo remque, domumque tuam.
 Nec facit hoc vitio, sed corpora foeda podagra,
 Et senis amplexus culta puella fugit.
 Huic tamen accubuit noster puer; hunc ego credam 75
 Cum trucibus venerem jungere posse feris.
 Blanditiisne meas aliis tu vendere es ausus?
 Tunc aliis demens oscula ferre mea?
 Tunc flebis, quam me victum puer alter habebit,
 Et geret in gramio regna superba tuo. 80
 At tuum me poena juvet, Venerique merenti
 Fixa notet casus aurea palma meos:
 Hanc tibi fallaci resolutus amore Tibullus
 "Dedicat: et grata sis, Dea, mente, rogat.

85. *To Venus I'll suspend.]* Faciunt hoc homines, says the moral Cicero, quos, in summa nequitia, non solum libido et voluptas, verum etiam ipsius nequitiae fama delectat; et multis in locis, notas ac vestigia scelerum suorum relinquunt. But Vulpinus thinks, that the Poet did not mean a Shield, but a Hand (*palma*); which he proves the Ancients used sometimes to hang up in their Temples, to denote, that it was

ELEGIA

For thee, that Tyrian Robes her Charms enfold?
 For thee, her Arms are deck'd with burnish'd Gold?
 By these, some Youth the Wanton would intice,
 For him she dresses, and for him she sighs;
 To him she prostitutes, unaw'd by Shame,
 Your House, your Pocket, and your injur'd Fame:
 Nor blame her Conduct, say, ye Young, what Charms
 Can Beauty taste in Gout and Age's Arms? 76

Less nice my Fair-one, she for Money can
 Carefs a gouty impotent old Man;
 O thou by generous Love, too justly blam'd!
 All, all that Love could give, my Passion claim'd. 80
 Yet since thou couldst so mercenary prove,
 The more deserving shall engross my Love;
 Then thou wilt weep when these ador'd you see;
 Weep on, thy Tears will Transport give to me.
 To Venus I'll suspend a golden Shield, 85
 With this Inscription grav'd upon the Field.

" Tibullus, freed at last from amorous Woes,
 " This Offering, Queen of Bliss, on thee bestows:
 " And humbly begs, that henceforth thou wilt guard
 " From such a Passion, thy devoted Bard." 90
 was now freed from the Fetters of deceitful Love. If this
 is the Interpretation, it may be thus translated.

To Love I'll dedicate a Hand of Gold,
 And this Inscription shall the Cause unfold.

ELEGIA UNDECIMA.

QUIS fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
Quam ferus, et vere ferreus ille fuit!

Tunc caepes hominum generi, tunc praelia nata:

Tunc brevior dirae mortis aperta via est.

At

There are very few of our Poet's Elegies, which surpass
the following. By the Words,

Nunc ad bella traher,

It would seem, that Tibullus was about to depart on some military Expedition; Broukhufius conjectures, that it was written soon after his being appointed to follow Messala to Syria; and of course that it ought to take Place of the third Elegy of this Book. But the Translator cannot help differing from that learned Commentator; for when the third Elegy was composed, it is known, that Tibullus had been for some Time in Love with Delia; and yet in the following Poem he makes no mention of Delia: besides Pocchi informs us, that in some of his old MSS. this Elegy began the 2d Book, and was intitled *De Amoris Necessis*. But be that as it will, the Elegy itself is truly worthy of our Poet, and contains a vast deal of the real Tibullus. In the beginning, he draws a fine Parallel between the guilty Horrors of War, and the innocent Pleasures of a Country Retirement. His Invocation to his Household Gods to preserve his Life, in the dangerous Employment he was forced into, is no less pious and pathetic, than his Reflecti-

ons

THE
ELEVENTH ELEGY.

WHO was the first that forg'd the deadly Blade ?
Of rugged Steel his savage Soul was made ;
By him, his bloody Flag Ambition wav'd ;
And grisly Carnage thro' the Battle rav'd :

Yet

ons on Ambition, and its fatal Consequences are just and moral.

From the whole of this Elegy, it may reasonably be questioned, whether Tibullus was an Academic Philosopher as Mr. Francis supposes, or rather whether he was not, at least in Practice, if not in Theory, of the Sect of Epicurus. The cheerful Enjoyment of the present Hour was their fundamental Maxim.

LINE 1. *Who was the first that forg'd.*] Authors differ greatly in their Opinions about this Matter. Aristotle asserts, that one Lydus of Scythia first shewed the Method of tempering and working in Brass : Theophrastus ascribes this discovery to Delsa a Phrygian. Callimachus, on the other hand, curses the Chalybes as the Inventors of Iron, and thus addresses Jove to destroy them,

Ζεῦ πάτερ δὲ χάλυβας πάντας ἀνολέστω γένος·

While Hesiod lays this to the Charge of the Dactyli Idæi in Crete ; as others say, that the Cyclops were the first

At nihil ille miser meruit : nos ad mala nostra

5

Vertimus, in facvas quod dedit ille feras.

Divitis hoc vitium est auri : nec bella fuerunt,

Faginus adstabat quum scyphus ante dapes.

Non arces, non vallus erat ; somnumque petebat

Securus faturas dux greges inter oves.

10

Tunc

who worked in that Metal. The Lemnians on the same Account, are branded by many ; and hence the proverbial Expressions of *λεμνια παλα, λεμνια χειρ,* and *λεμνιον ελπιειν.* Bacchus is also said by some, to have invented the Weapons of War ; but Diodorus Siculus, imputes their Discovery to Isis and Osiris. But the true Author was probably Jubal Cain.

6. *Arms first were forg'd.*] This, in fact, is not true, Ambition first taught Man the Use of Arms. Pliny tells us, that Prætus and Acrisius, when at War with one another, invented the Shield ; that Midias the Messanian invented a Coat of Mail ; and that the Lacedæmonians invented the Helmet, Sword and Spear. Lib. 7. c. 56.

8. *Death-dealing Battles.*] Poets have generally given full Scope to their Indignation, when speaking of Gold : they have look'd upon it to be, what indeed it too often is, the Destroyer of Love, the Support of unjust Ambition, and the Parent of Luxury.

ὁ φθόγγος μὲν μὲν τῶν.

The worst of Ills from sordid Avarice flow ;

And Gold is but the glittering Bait of Woe.

Nefarious Gold, with Virtue's Bane replete ;

Oh ! that thy fatal Poison were less sweet !

Of thee are born Wars, Murders, and Alarms,

Paternal curses, and fraternal Arms.

Altho' it must be confessed, that all these mischiefs have, on some Occasions, arisen from Gold ; yet he is but little acquainted with the History of human Nature, who does not know that almost all the great Passions to which Man is subject, have at one Time or another occasioned these very Mischiefs.

Yet wherefore blame him? we're ourselves to blame; 5
 Arms first were forg'd to kill the savage Game:
 Death-dealing Battles were unknown of old;
 Death-dealing Battles took their rise from Gold:
 When beachen Bowls, on oaken Tables stood,
 When temperate Acorns were our Fathers food; 10
 The Swain slept peaceful, with his Flocks around,
 No Trench was open'd, and no Fortrefs frown'd.

O had I liv'd in gentle Days like these,
 To Love devoted, and to home-felt Ease;
 Compell'd I had not been those Arms to wear, 15
 Nor had the Trumpet forc'd me from the Fair:

But

[9. *When beachen Bowls*.] No Poet, except Homer, abounds so much as Tibullus, in Descriptions of primitive and rural Simplicity of Manners. To an unprejudiced Mind, these are entertaining, and afford matter of curious Speculation. Altho' our Author, by his Birth and Abilities, might have shone in Courts, and the polite Scenes of active Life, his good Sense, poetical turn, and Aversion to the Villanies of Office, led him to prefer the Country: accordingly, he never appears to more Advantage, than when describing its Pleasures, and the plain but honest Devotion of its Inhabitants.

15. *Compell'd I had not been.*] Almost all the old Editions read,

*Tunc mihi vita foret, vulgi nec tristia noſſem
 Arma.*

This perplexed the Commentators, who knowing, that the Commons of Rome, in Times of Peace, or when acting in their civil Capacity, neither wore Arms themselves, nor had them to wear, much less to dispose of; (for the Arms of that People, as well as their military Cloathing, were placed

Tunc mihi vita foret dulcis : nec tristina nossem

Arma, nec audissem corde micante tubam.

Nunc ad bella trahor : et jam quis forsitan hostis

Haesura in nostro tela gerit latere.

Sed patrii servate Lares : aluistis et iidem, 15

Curfarem vestros quum tener ante pedes.

Neu pudeat prisco vos esse e stipite factos :

Sic veteris sedes incoluistis avi.

Tunc

in the Custody of the supreme Magistrates, who, from the public Armories, occasionally delivered them out) at last, thus happily restored the Passage.

Tunc mihi vita foret dulcis : nec tristina nossem.

An Emendation, which Broekhusius approves of.

——— *A Bear shall bleed.*] The whole of this Address to his household Gods is pathetic and animated. This Line has been strangely corrupted in the Original; the true Reading however is,

Hestia erit plena rustica porcus bara.

As many from the old Reading

Hestia e plena, &c.

supposed something wanting, Pontanus thus boldly endeavoured to supply the Deficiency;

At nobis arata lares depellite tela;

Nec petat hostili missa sagitta manu;

Neu gladio celer instet eques; prosint mihi ad aras

Quæque tuli supplex munera quæque feram;

Tibure pio callantque foci, pinguisque trabatur

Hestia de plena mystica porcus bara.

But the Word *trabatur*, as Broekhusius observes, betrays the Forgery; for Victims were not dragged but led to the Altar. Should not the *plena bara*, in the Original, have convinced those Authors, who affect to represent Tibullus as poor, that his Circumstances were far other wise?

The

But now I'm dragg'd to War, perhaps my Foe
E'en now prepares th' inevitable Blow !

Come then, paternal Gods, whose Help I've known
From Birth to Manhood, still protect your Own, 20
Nor Blush, my Gods, tho' carv'd of antient Wood,
So carv'd in our Fore-fathers Times you stood;
And though in no proud Temples you were prais'd,
Nor foreign Incense on your Altars blaz'd ;
Yet white-rob'd Faith conducted every Swain ; 25
Yet meek-ey'd Piety seren'd the Plain;
While clustering Grapes, or Wheat-wreaths round
your Hair,
Appeas'd your Anger, and engag'd your Care:
Or dalcet Cakes himself the Farmer paid,
When crown'd his Wishes by your powerful Aid ; 30
While his fair Daughter, brought with her from home,
The luscious Offering of a honey-Comb :
If now you'll aid me in the Hour of need,
Your Care I'll recompence — a Boar shall bleed.

In:

The Ritual compiled by Numa, prescribed not only the Ceremonies to be used, but the Sacrifices to be offered, in the Worship of each Deity. The Romans however when they became more powerful and wealthy, added not only to the Number of Victims originally required, but enlarged also the Species, or Kinds of Offerings. Whence this Practice arose, is not difficult to determine : yet, in Spite of pontifical Juggle, the Roman Devotion always retained much of its primitive Simplicity.

Tunc melius tenere fidem, quam paupere cultu
Stabat in exigua ligneus aede Deus. 20

Hic placatus erat, seu quis libaverat uvam,
Seu dederat sanctæ spicæ fersa comæ.

Atque aliquis voti compos liba ipse ferebat,
Postque comes purum filia parva favum.

At nobis aerata, Lares, depellite tela : 25
Hostia erit plena rustica porcus hara.

Hanc pura cum veste sequar, myrtoque canistra
Vincta geram, myrto vinctus et ipse caput.

Sic placeam vobis ; alius sit fortis in armis,

Sternat

35. *In White.*] Servius informs us, that the Roman Priests always put on the white Linnen Garment, border'd with Purple, when they were about to sacrifice. It was called pure and unpolluted, according to the same Author, *Quando non obstita, non fulgurita, non fusa, neque maculam habens* O. K. *domine mortuo.*

36. *And Myrtle*] Hence says Broekhusius, we may remark, that Myrtle was no less acceptable to the Lares than to Venus herself ; and Horace informs us, that they were often crowned with this pleasant Evergreen.

— *Te nihil attinet
Tentare multa corde bidentium,
Parvos coronantem marino
Rore Deos fragilique myrto &c.*

B. 3. l. 23.

The little Gods around thy sacred Fire,
No vast Profusion of the Victims gore
But pliant Myrtle-wreaths alone require,
And fragrant Herbs, the pious rural store.

A grate.

In White array'd I'll Myrtle Baskets bear, 35
 And Myrtle Foliage, round my Temples wear:
 In Arms redoubtable let others shine,
 By Mars protected now the hostile Line;
 You let me please, my Head with Roses crown,
 And every Care in flowing Goblets drown; 40
 Then when I'm joyous let the Soldier tell,
 What Foes were captiv'd, and what Leaders fell;
 Or on the Board describe with flowing Wine,
 The furious Onset, and the flying Line.

For

A grateful Cake when on the hallow'd shrine,
 Offer'd by Hands that know no guilty Stain,
 Shall reconcile th' offended Powers divine,
 When bleeds the pompous Hecatomb in vain.

FRANCIS,

43. *Or on the Board.*] There is a fine and elegant improvement of this Thought, in Mr. Fickle's Poem on the Peace of Utrecht.

See the fond Wife, in Tears of Transport drown'd,
 Hugs her rough Lord, and weeps o'er every Wound,
 Hangs on the Lips that Fields of Death relate,
 And smiles and trembles, at his various fate:
 Near the full Bowl he draws the fancy'd Line,
 And marks feign'd Trenches in the flowing Wine,
 Then sets th' invested Fort before her Eyes,
 And Mines that whirl'd Battalions to the Skies,
 His little listening Progeny look pale,
 And beg again to hear the dreadful Tale.

There are also some beautiful Strokes of the same Nature in Mr. Addison's Latin Poem, intitled *Pax Gulielmi*
Auspiciis Europa Reddita. Mus. Ang. Tom. 2.

Ovid

Sternat et adversos Marte favente duces.

30

Ut mihi potanti possit sua dicere facta

Miles, et in mensa pingere castra mero.

Quis furor est atram bellis arcescere mortem?

Inminet, et tacito clam venit illa pede.

Non seges est infra, non vinea culta; sed audax 35

Cerberus, et Stygiæ navita turpis aquae.

Illic exesque genis, ustoque capillo

Errat ad obscuros pallida turba lacus.

Quam potius laudandus hic est, quem prole parata

Occupat in parva pigra senecta casa.

40

Ipse

Ovid has inserted this Thought of Tibullus, in several Parts of his Writings, particularly in Penelope's Letter to Ulysses.

*At aliquis posita monstrat fera praelia mensa,
Pingis et exigua, pergama tota, mero.*

See also his Metam. Lib. 9. at the Beginning B. 12. v. 155, Ars Amand. B. 3. v. 127.

48. *No laughing Bowls.*] The Author of the Hercules Furens, has stretched this single Thought into ten long Lines, v. 698. Not so that excellent Poet of Italy Tannazario.

*Post obitum non ulla mihi carceres ponet
Æacus, infernis non viret uva jugis.*

Ep. Lib. 1. B. 1021.

Are we then to place the chief Joys of Life, in Eating and Drinking? Ought not our Poet rather to have expatiated on the Pleasures of learned Society; or the Charms of Friendship; and the Bliss of Love? yet, after all, as the Poet was only describing the Happiness of rural Life, these additional Images were the less necessary.

49. *Æu*

For Reason whispers, Why will short-liv'd Man, 45
By War contract his too contracted Span ?
Yet when he leaves the chearful Realms of Light,
No laughing Bowls, no Harvests cheer the Sight ;
But howl the Damn'd, the triple Monster roars,
And Charon grumbles on the Stygian Shores : 50
By fiery Lakes, the blasted Phantoms yell,
Or shroud their Anguish in the Depths of Hell.

In a thatch'd Cottage happier he by far,
Who never hears of Arms, of Gold, or War,
His chaste Embrace a numerous Offspring crown, 55
He courts not Fortune's Smile, nor dreads her Frown ;
While lenient Baths at home his Wife prepares,
He, and his Sons, attend their fleecy Cares ;

As

49. *But betwixt the Damn'd.*] *The ussi capilli & cuncta gena*
of the Original, are far from being terrifying Images.
Omnes imagines mortuorum calvae finguntur, comis ignis rogi con-
sumptis. Vid. Luc : in Dialog. Nir. Diogen. et Thers.

57. *While lenient Baths.*] Shall we suppose that our Poet
had Ariadne's fine exclamation to Theseus in his Thoughts.

Quæ tibi jucundo famularer serua labore ?
Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis. CATULL.

Claude Lorraine himself could not draw a finer Picture
of a Village-family, than our Poet has given us in this Place.
There is another pleasing Representation of the same sort
in the Gentle Shepherd ; a Dramatic Poem, which, the
Translator is perswaded, every Judge of Poetry and Na-
ture will greatly prefer to the frigid, Arcadian Favole Bés-
corechie of Italy.

This

Ipse suas festatur oves, at filius agnos;

Et calidam fesso comparat uxor aquam.

Sic ego sim, liceatque caput candescere canis,

Temporis et prisca facta referre senem.

Interea Pax arva colat; Pax candida primum 45

Duxit araturos sub juga curva boves.

Pax

This practice however of preparing warm Baths, to ease the Limbs of the fatigued Husband, was not peculiar to the rural Dame. Homer informs us, that Andromache commanded her Maids to place on the Fire, a large Vessel, full of Water, to bathe her Lord in, when he should return from the Battle; she in the mean while, employing herself, as Pope conjectures, in weaving a Vestment to adorn him with. But alas all her Care was superfluous, Hector never came back. Il. x. v. 440. Homer is in nothing more admirable, than in his forming the Ferocity of his Battles, by the apt Introduction of tender and domestic Circumstances.

61. *Meantime, soft Peace, descend.*] May not this signify that Tibullus was to have been employed in quelling some Italian Commotion, and not in a foreign Expedition?

62. *Soft Peace to plough.*] Many Editors, and among the rest Broekhuysen, read,

Duxit araturos sub juga curva boves.

But the Adverb *primum* in the foregoing Line, sufficiently authenticates our Reading *araturos*: for how could an Ox, when first put to the Plough, with any Propriety be called *Arator*, a Term intimating that he had ploughed before; tho' he might well be called *Araturus*, as that Gerund only points at his future Employment and Office. Besides, our Reading is supported by the greatest Number of MSS. and Editions.

64. *And fir. a gay-laughing.*] Casimir has a beautiful Ode on Peace, and the Reader will find many fine Thoughts on the same Subject, in those Poems of Mr. Addison's and Mr. Tickle's, which we have already praised.

67. *Brigh*

As old, as poor, as peaceful may I be,
So guard my Flocks, and such an Offspring set. 60

Meantime, soft Peace, descend, O! bliss our Plains!
Soft Peace to plough with Oxen taught the Swains.
Peace plants the Orchard, and matures the Vine,
And first gay-laughing press the ruddy Wine;
The Father quaffs, deep quaff his joyous Friends, 65
Yet to his Son a well-stor'd Vault descends.

Bright shine the Plough-share, our Support and Joy!
But Rust, deep Rust, the Veteran's Arms destroy!
The

67. *Bright shine the Plough-share.* In the Original,

Pars videtur, vomerque nitens, &c.

not *vigens*, in Opposition to *stans*. This Correction we owe to Heinsius.

70. *In the Dark Grove.* That the Heathens, says Mr. Dair, had their religious Rites in thick Woods and Groves, every one knows; the Poet therefore describes those holy Days, as the gay Part of the Farmer's Life, when he and his Family made merry, not unlike, adds he, to our Country Wakes and Revels, when Mirth is at its height, and the Scuffles of Love grow warm. There is a similar Description in the 11th Æneid, v. 740.

*At non in vœntem segnes nocturnaque bella;
Hæc, ubi curva choros indixit tibia Bacchi,
Expectare ilapso, et plena pocula mense.
Hic ader, hoc stulium, dum sacra secunda Haruspæ
Nuntiat, ac læta vota togæ pinguis in alba.*

73. *Doors, Windows fly.*

— — — Scissæque capillus
Fimæis perfractas conquiriturque fores.

Pax aluit vites, et succos condidit uvæ,

Funderet ut nato testa paterna merum.

Pace bidens, vomerque nitent : at tristia duri

Militis in tenebris occupat arma situs.

50

Rusticus e luccoque vehit, male sobrius ipse,

Uxorem plauastro progeniemque domum.

Sed Veneris tunc bella calent, scissosque capillos

Femina perfractas conqueriturque fores.

Flet teneras subtusa genas : sed victor et ipse

55

Flet, sibi dementes tam valuisse manus.

At lascivus Amor rixæ mala verba ministrat,

Inter

On which Scaliger thus superciliously remarks, *Copulativa verbo addita vehementer apud me male audit ; quod tamen a magnis Poetis, et a Nobis quoque factum est ; nunquam tamen, ac ne tunc quidem, quum facerem, probavi.*

If the young Rakes of Rome sometimes broke open their Mistresses Doors, Dr. Bentley informs us from Plautus and Seneca, that the Women sometimes returned the Compliment. This, in Horace's Court-language, was called, *Expugnare Juvenum Domos.*

Neither was this boisterous Method of getting admittance entirely unknown to the old Sicilians, as we may perceive by Daphnis's Threat to Simætha.

σι δ' ἄλλα μ' ὠθεῖτε ἢ ἀθύρα βίχστε μοχλῶ
παντὸς ἢ πάλαις ἢ λαμπραῖς ὠδὸν εἰς ἡμᾶς.

THEOCRIT.

79. *Love sits between.*] Totus hic locus, says Broekhusius very justly, tam venusto artificio est pertractatus, ut melius non queat pingi. Flet puella, male habita ab ebrio amatore ; flet amator, pigetque eum tam turpis victoriæ. Adfidentur utrumque Cupido, nihil motus his lacrymis ; quinimo, ut ne pax desubito constat, insidiosè covet, subiectis utrimque novæ rixæ alimentis. Nihil poterit amantius excogitari, nihil exprimi vividius. He then desires

The Villager (his sacred offerings paid
 In the dark Grove, and consecrated Shade,) 70
 His Wife and Sons, now Darkneſs parts the Throng,
 Drives home, and whistles, as he reels along;
 Then triumphs Venus; then Love-feuds prevail;
 The Youth all jealous then the Fair affair;
 Doors, Windows fly, no Deference they pay, 75
 The Chafteſt ſuffer in th' ungentle Fray:
 Theſe beat their Breasts, and melt in moving Tears;
 The Lover weeps, and blames his Rage and Fears;
 Love ſits between, unmov'd with Tears and Sighs,
 And with Incentives fly the Feud ſupplies. 80

Ye Youths, tho' ſtung with Taunts, of Blows beware;
 They, they are impious, who can beat the Fair:

IF

deſires us to compare this ſhort Picture of our Poet's with
 another in Ovid. B. 1. El. 7. and adds, *Faller aut illius*
 (meaning Ovid) *Artis immenſam varietatem magis miraberis;*
hic vero non minus te dilectabit invidendus ille nitor nativæ ſimpli-
citatis.

This Picture would afford an excellent Subject to a Guido
 Rheni.

82. *They, they are impious.*] The Original literally trans-
 lated, intimates, that whoever beats his Miſtreſs, is of a
 Temper as rigid and inflexible as Stone or Iron; and were

it

Inter et iratum lentus utrumque sedet.

Ah lapis est, ferrumque, suam quicumque puellam

Verberat; e coelo deripit ille Deos

60

Sit satis, e membris tenerum rescindere vestem:

Sit satis, ornatus dissoluisse comae.

Sit lacrimas movisse satis; quater ille beatus,

Quoi tenera irato flere puella potest.

Sed manibus qui sacrus erit: sentumque, fudemque 65.

Is gerat, et mihi sit procul a Venere.

At nobis Pax alma veni, spicamque teneto:

Perpluat et pomis candidus ante sinus.

it in his Power, he would dethrone the Gods themselves, and expel them from Heaven. This furnishes us with a strong Proof of the Want of Gallantry of those Times! Ovid, according to his own Confession, was not over scrupulous in his Conduct to the Fair Sex; the 6. El. of the first B. being an Apology to Corvina, whom he had been so barbarous as to beat. Many other Passages might be adduced from ancient Writers to corroborate this Assertion. But the Subject is unpleasing.

34. *Or on their Tresses.*] This affords another disagreeable Proof, that the Moderns greatly surpass the Antients in point of Gallantry.

Altho' nothing can be more acceptable to the Lover, than a Discovery of his being beloved; yet the Method here made use of, to arrive at that Discovery, is wholly illiberal: for in spite of all that Propertius has wrote to the contrary, what Pleasure can there be,

Aut in amore dolere, aut audire dolentem;

Sive meas lacrymas, sive videre tuas.

But crush the Wretch.] From these, and many other Passages in Tibullus, it appears, that our Author had not one ill-natured Vice about him. Other Poets we admire, but there is none of the Antients whom the Translator should have wished to have been acquainted with, so much

If much provok'd, or rend their filken Zone,
 Or on their Tresses, be your Anger shewn :
 But if nor this your Passion can appease, 85
 Until the Charmer weep, the Charmer tease !
 Blest Anger, if the Fair dissolves in Tears !
 Blest Youth, her Fondness undisguis'd appears !
 But crush the Wretch, O War, with all thy Woes,
 Who to rough Usage adds the Crime of Blows. 90

Bland Peace descend, with Plenty on our Plains,
 And bless with Ease and laughing Sport the Swains.

as Tibullus. One cannot be very conversant in his Writings, without acquiring a Friendship for the Man, and longing, to use Mr. Spence's Words, to have just such another as he was for ones Friend.

91. *Bland Peace.*] The various Figures which Broekhusius and others who have published Antiques, have given us of this Goddess, are the best Comment upon the Original of this Passage. Theocritus puts Ears of Corn blended with Poppies into both her Hands. See his Idyll. entitled *Salustia*.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

